

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 4, 1975 75 CENTS

## SWIMMING'S NEW SUPERSTAR

Tim Shaw



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© B&W, Inc.

Full flavor to match  
the best of times.  
**RALEIGH**



These 7-power, 35 mm  
Bushnell binoculars are yours  
with free B&W coupons, the  
valuable extra on every pack  
of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts,  
write for your free Gift  
Catalog: Box 12, Louisville,  
Ky. 40201.

# THE COLLOSSAL WEBSTER'S 8-POUND, 1,454-PAGE, 158,000-DEFINITION, \$39.95 DICTIONARY NOW ONLY \$19.95!

**B**ecause of the depressed economy, most book publishers are in financial trouble. The Webster's Dictionary Company is no exception. And just as the major auto companies have taken drastic steps to improve sales, we hereby announce an incredible price slash on our 1,454-page, eight-pound, 158,000-definition, 300-page-encyclopedia-supplement, full-color-embellished, \$39.95 list-price, paragon-of-the-publishing-industry, Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language (ONLY \$19.95!).

If you've ever wanted to buy this one-volume reference work—considered by scholars to be the standard of English usage—NOW is the time to do so. If the national economy should improve soon—as many experts predict—you may never have this chance again. This unprecedented low price—ONLY \$19.95!—adds new meaning to the word "bargain."

In case you're unfamiliar with Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language, let us explain that it is the supreme arbiter of English usage. Its compilers are a group of 100 lexicographers, etymologists, philologists, orthographers, researchers, and editors known collectively as the English Language Institute. They trace their origin back to Noah Webster (1758-1843), the father of American lexicography and inspiration for the founding of our company. Millions of literate Americans refer to Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language every day, and rely on it for authoritative answers to their questions about word definition, spelling, pronunciation, hyphenation, origin and usage. No book anywhere is held in higher esteem.

The work itself is divided into 22 sections. Its heart, of course, is the more than 1,300 pages given over to an A-Z vocabulary—updated to include slang expressions of this very year. The section is supplemented by charts, pronunciation symbols, lists of abbreviations, etc.

Other sections include:

- A 51,000 word Thesaurus of Synonyms and Antonyms, with more than 4,000 cross-references. This section alone constitutes an impressive reference work.
- A Concise of Foreign Words and Phrases. The equivalent of a two-way English dictionary into and out of French, Spanish, Italian, and German—with some Latin and Greek.
- Table of Abbreviations. 3,800 constructions commonly used in business, engineering, medicine, geography, etc.
- Musical Signs and Symbols. A primer on notation of the art.
- Compendium of Quotations. Those

sands of aphorisms distilling the wit and wisdom of the world. Invaluable for composing letters, preparing speeches, writing term papers. It even makes diverting reading (How about this gem from Lincoln: "My old father used to say: If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.")

• Students' and Writers' Guide. A short-course in proper style and usage. It covers punctuation, staves, capitalization, footnotes, bibliographies, and provides a directory of basic reference works in biography, business, history, geography, science and other major fields.

• Perpetual Calendar. Enables you to pinpoint the day of week of any date in the two centuries from 1901 to 2100.

• Table of Metric Equivalents. Over a thousand measurements you'll be using during the next few years as the United States gradually converts to metric system.

• Occupational Guide. Detailed descriptions of 95 vocational fields, including nature of work, required training, compensation, etc. Perhaps most important, it includes names and addresses of national organizations that can furnish job leads.

• Dictionary of Mythology. An indispensable tool for complete understanding of literature from Homer's *Iliad* to Tolkien's *The Hobbit*.

• Manual of Office Procedure. Everything from how to mail packages and letters at cheapest postage rates, to creating efficient filing systems, devising effective form letters (with actual illustrations), caring for office equipment, reconciling bank statements, composing persuasive business letters, using proper forms of address, etc. In short, a cram-course at a business school.

• Compound Interest Table. Instant computation of earnings on any amount.

• Flags of the World. Eight pages of pulsating banners in glorious full-color.

• Salary Tables. Annual wages converted into weekly, monthly, quarterly, daily and hourly payments, to help you check up on the accuracy of your company's payroll department.

• The Space Age. A 16-page supplement of solar system charts, space exploration terminology, table of planets, space records, and other far-out scientific data.

• Table of World Families of Languages. Fascinating origins of, and current interrelationships among, the world's leading tongues.

• Prefixes and Suffixes. 500 explained.

• Historical Sketch of the English Language. By the renowned philologist Mario Pei, of Columbia University.

• Presidents of the United States. A magnificent 16-page portrait gallery in full-color, including each president's biography

and major achievements.

• Cooking Tables. How to prepare 750 different foods—with calorie counts.

• Moneys of the World. An absorbing, invaluable reference tool for numismatists and numismatics.

In short, if you had but one book to choose in life, Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language should be it. It is perhaps the most utilitarian, entertaining single volume ever published.

The work is massive in size. It measures three hundred and twenty-one cubic inches and weighs eight pounds.

In physical make-up, the dictionary is a masterpiece of the bookmaker's art. It is set in Century Expanded, one of the most legible and beautiful of typefaces. It is printed on special high-opacity vellum-finish paper to reduce eyestrain. Its signatures are Smyth-sewn and reinforced at top and bottom for sturdiness. Binding material is leather grain, and page edges and stamping are gilded. In other words, Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language brings to your office or home not only knowledge but splendor.

To repeat, Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language—which lists at \$39.95—is now available for ONLY \$19.95! To order, mail coupon below to: The Webster's Dictionary Co., 1775 Broadway, New York 10019. If you like, we'll bill your credit-card account.

Act at once. As we said, as soon as the economy improves, this offer is likely to be withdrawn. Hurry. A word to the wise is sufficient.



THE WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY CO.  
1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10019

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of the renowned, authoritative, 1,454-page, 8-pound, 321-cubic-inch, 158,000-definition, \$39.95 list price Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language at the unprecedented low price of ONLY \$19.95! (plus \$2 per copy for crating & freight).

(Check one)

☐ Enclosed payment

☐ Bill to

Master Charge # \_\_\_\_\_

BankAmericard # \_\_\_\_\_

American Express # \_\_\_\_\_

Card expiration date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please add applicable sales tax.

Webster's Mfrs. Co., TM Reg. WPS-3

# We'd like you to test drive our car last.

## Durability.

First, we'd like you to test drive a Volvo and compare their durable construction to ours. Because both have a unitized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts and door impact panels.



## Luxury.

Then test drive an Audi and compare its interior to ours. And compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour, fully reclining bucket-seats, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.



## Performance

Test BMW's exciting performance features and

compare them to our front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, fuel-injection, and power-assisted, four-wheel disc brakes.



## Economy.

We'd like you to test drive a Dasher and compare its economy (23 miles per gallon according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon (according to the same EPA tests). \*



## Ride.

Test drive a Peugeot to get the feel of its smooth, comfortable ride. Then compare it to Saab's smooth, comfortable ride. We think you'll find ours extremely smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension, and a light-

axle rear suspension that's so responsive, it helps smooth out even the roughest roads.



## Quality.

Test drive a Mercedes-Benz and compare such extra-quality features as four-wheel disc brakes with the same features on Saab. You'll see why both Mercedes-Benz and Saab are known for their abilities in precision engineering and automotive research.



The Saab 99 LE, EMS and WagonBack Sedan.  
From \$5,648 to \$6,528.

# SAAB

It's what a car should be.



\*EPA test results for 1975 cars as tested under city driving. There are more than 375 Saab dealers nationwide. Prices do not include dealer prep, taxes and optional equipment, if any. Overseas delivery available.

# CONTENTS

AUGUST 4, 1975 Volume 43, No. 5

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

## 14 Silky Sets The Gold Standard

Used to be if a horse won a harness race it got extra oels and the owner got to take the prettiest girl to the social. Prizes keep going up. In the richest harness race ever, Silk Stockings demolished her opposition and gave her owner the right to dance out the door with 112½ pounds of solid-gold bars.

by Barry McDermott

## 8 Polishing Off Their Rivals

The U.S. men made a big splash, but the East Germans shakedowned our women

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

## 12 He's in a Zone All His Own

Phillie Greg Luzinski has muscled his way to the major leagues' homer and RBI lead

by Jack Mann

## 16 Great American Elephant Hunt

Lilly and Lee took their trunks and left the circus, and all Hugo, Okie, is on the case

by Jeannette Bruce

## 20 A Straight Arrow Aims for It All

No one can shoot like Darrell Pace, says Darrell Pace. Don't argue with the champ

by Rick Telander

## 26 Pursuit of a Grayling Shade

A pair of fishing romanticists found it hard to stay true to their goal in Lapland

by Clive Gammon

## 48 Designing Woman

Some call Mary Jo Peppier a prima donna, but all agree she's in tune with the times

by Pat Jordan



Arnold Roth

## The Departments

5 Scorecard

32 Softball

36 Baseball

42 Horse Racing

Credits on page 58

44 Golf

59 For the Record

60 19th Hole

## Next Week

PRESENT AND FUTURE pros clash in the College All-Star Game, which matches—or mismatches—the Steelers and a band of collegians quarterbacked by No. 1 draft pick Steve Bartkowski. Mark Mulroy is in the press box.

PAST AND PRESENT of Frederic Remington's romantic West come alive as Artist Tom Allen retraces the painter's tracks and Robert Cantwell recounts how a Yale football player felt a duty to depict America's last frontier.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue a year and by Time Inc. 641 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10 60611. Principal stockholder: Time Inc. 1015 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10 60611. President: C. B. New. Secretary: Geraldine J. Pust. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, P.O. Box 990, New York, N.Y. 10108. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the U.S., \$14.95 a year.

Check out the big games from Sports Illustrated!

## Call 800-255-4363 toll-free now

for the name of the  
fine store nearest you that stocks these big games from SI—and check out all the  
excitement next time you go shopping! They're the most realistic sports board  
games ever created!

### Superstar Baseball!

The exciting new game of strategy and tactics that lets you manage 96 of the  
greatest ballplayers of all time!

You call all the shots for stars like Mays and Mathewson, Clemente and Cobb,  
Aron, Ruth, Kouss, Spenser, Seaver and more. We've "scouted" the stars by  
computer analyzing official game-by-game records of their careers. And we've  
converted this information into easy-to-use Player Performance Cards that let you  
make all the moves—in the "front office" and right down on the field. You put  
your own team together, set your lineup and batting order, call for the bunt,  
punch hit, steal go for the extra base on a hit, send your starter to the showers  
and signal for your ace reliever. You can even trade players, bring up replacements,  
or select your own AL and NL All-Star teams and play them against each other to see which league really is the best!

### Paydirt!

This fast-paced game lets you be the quarterback of your favorite pro team!  
SI has taken the actual play-by-play records of each of the 26 pro teams over  
a full season, computer-analyzed them to determine each team's strengths and  
weaknesses, and converted all this information into Play/Action Team Charts.

Your ability to get the most out of each team—with a solid Game Plan  
tough defense, heads-up play calling, and "the breaks"—will determine  
whether you walk away from the field a winner or a loser. Check out PAYDIRT!  
at your favorite store today!

### Bowl Bound!

Share in all the excitement, tradition and intense rivalry of college football as  
you coach and quarterback 32 top teams of recent years. Imagine the dream  
games you can play. Notre Dame's great '66 squad against Michigan State  
'66 in a replay of "The Game of the Decade," their controversial 20-10 tie  
Oklahoma vs. Nebraska, Texas vs. Arkansas, Yale-Cornell. You name it!

BOWL BOUND! is based on a complete analysis of every play run by each  
of the 32 teams in their best year since 1960. It uses the same Play/Action  
system created for PAYDIRT! And it's every bit as realistic and exciting! Be  
part of all the spirited college grid action—get BOWL BOUND!

### Go for the Green!

Sports Illustrated has selected 18 great holes from such super courses as  
Merrion, Baltusrol, Winged Foot, Augusta and Pebble Beach—and turned them  
into a golfer's dream course your whole family will enjoy playing!

The colorful course layout accurately depicts each great hole to scale—  
the tees, fairways, roughs, traps, trees, water hazards, greens, everything.  
The game's easy-to-play system lets you face every golf situation imaginable  
as you drive, pitch, chip and putt your way around this challenging course.  
From tee to green you make all the decisions. You line up each shot, check  
your distance, figure how much club you'll need, then "let it fly!" Golfer or  
non-golfer, you'll enjoy all the super realistic action. So go right for your  
favorite store—and get GO FOR THE GREEN! Right now!

### Track Meet!

It's like 10 games in one! You pit seven of the world's greatest athletes  
(each an outstanding Olympic competitor or former World Record holder)  
against each other in the grueling Decathlon. From the USA—Bill Toomey,  
Rafael Johnson, Bob Mathias, Mike Campbell and the legendary Jim Thorpe,  
from Russia—Vasily Kuznetsov, from Taiwan—C.K. Yang.

You assess the strengths and weaknesses of each athlete and devise a  
strategy for winning. Should you play it safe in a particular event or go for  
the world record? Victory or defeat depends on you!

Remember, all these super realistic Sports Illustrated games  
are available at fine stores that carry *quality* products.  
For the name of the store nearest you, call 800-255-4363  
TOLL-FREE now...and bag the big games from SI next time  
you shop!



#### Attention Retailers:

If you would like to carry  
Sports Illustrated Games,  
please contact:

Dick Gorebick  
Apri House  
P.O. Box 653  
Shawnee Mission  
Kansas 66202

# SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

## GOLD ORR

Alan Eagleson, the ebullient agent-attorney, fulminated last week that the Boston Bruins would just have to be "more realistic" than to offer his client, the incomparable Bobby Orr, a mere \$450,000 a year to buy the rights to Bobby's hockey life. "More realistic" than \$450,000 a year? Huhbug. But at least such figures produce a small insight into what is and what is not realistic in the dazzling stratosphere of million-dollar sports deals.

First, Eagleson's basic complaint was not realistic—it was mere sports-page sound and fury. Orr's \$200,000-a-year contract runs to the end of the 1975-76 season, and no negotiations have yet begun, no offer has yet been made. However, on to realism. The Bruins' entire gross last year was less than \$5 million. To give Orr \$450,000 means he would get nearly 10% of the team's gross income. No business can operate on that kind of economics—not realistically.

Bruin Managing Director Harry Sinden says the club plans to offer "every last dollar we can afford to pay Bobby" sometime next week—and it will be nowhere near \$450,000 a year. In the meantime, it has been reported that the Minnesota Fighting Saints of the World Hockey Association have offered Orr \$6.5 million over five years to jump leagues. That averages out to roughly \$1.3 million a year, which means the club would have to gross \$13 million in order to pay Orr on the basis of 10% of gross. Unrealistic? You bet. The Fighting Saints will be lucky to accumulate one-fifth that amount in a season.

## ROOSTER TALE

Joe Zannino is a funeral director in Baltimore and a cockfighting enthusiast. Recently he was interviewed on the subject of his beloved sport:

Q: Isn't cockfighting inhumane?

A: Cockfighters are the most humane people in the world. We all have dogs. We take better care of our dogs than anyone because we understand animals.

Q: What's the difference between those who fight dogs and those who fight chickens?

A: Fighting dogs is inhumane. Roosters have been bred to fight for thousands of years. Which is worse: To let two roosters fight that want to fight, or a fox hunt where 20 dogs run one poor fox to death? That's certainly against the fox's will.

Q: Ever been arrested for cockfighting in Maryland?

A: Once. The charge against us was running a disorderly house. I can tell you this, there was nothing disorderly about that house until the cops came. Then there was chaos.

Q: Where do you think your sport will be 50 years from now?

A: We just want to be allowed to do what they're allowed to do in France, in the Philippines, in South America and the Virgin Islands. There's no cockfighting in Cuba. Wherever Communism comes in, cockfighting goes out; when Communism goes out, then cockfighting comes back. Maybe that tells you something about our sport.

## TRYING TIMES

Oakland Raiders have perhaps spent as much time in the courtroom as in the locker room in recent days. Last week the case of the U.S. vs. George Atkinson in the embezzlement of \$3,200 resulted in a hung jury in a San Francisco Federal court, and though the case may be re-tried in the fall, the Oakland back returned to the Raider training camp at week's end. The next day, a superior court judge dismissed a \$9 million suit brought by former Linebacker Terry Mendenhall against the team and its physicians. Though the court is still hearing testimony on Mendenhall's claim that he should be paid for lost time due to an injury, the judge dismissed Mendenhall's charge that he was a victim of illegally dispensed drugs.

Several other Raider-related cases are: 1) General Partner Wayne Valley vs.

Managing General Partner Al Davis, which contends that Davis' new contract with the club is illegal; 2) Limited Partner Louis Borroco vs. General Partner Wayne Valley, claiming that Valley acted against the Raider partnership's limited partners on two separate occasions; 3) Raider Center Jim Otto vs. a man named Stark, in which Otto was awarded \$10,000 as a result of an auto accident; 4) and 5) the same Jim Otto vs. Purcell Heating and Refrigerator in which Otto claims, in two suits for \$292,000 each, that the firm set his house afire while in the process of cleaning his furnace.

## QUANTUM JUMPS

A global conflict has been raging this spring and summer, unseen and unheralded by most of the world. It is the rope-skipping war between one Katsumi Suzuki, 37, of the city of Kumagaya, north of Tokyo, and Rabbi Francis Barry Silberg, 32, of Congregation Emanuel B'nai



Jeshuran in Milwaukee. It has been a desperate, seesaw affair, a man-to-man confrontation with 10,000 miles in between. It began on May 29, when Suzuki skipped rope 37,427 consecutive times in four hours, 22 minutes and 50 seconds, thus shattering the world record held by Rabbi Silberg.

The rabbi could not accept this standing still. On June 22 he skipped rope 43,473 times in five hours. New record. Suzuki refused to be beaten. A short (5'2"), slight (105 pounds) fellow, he be-

*continued*

gan to whip himself into shape through Zen meditation ("essential for rope-skipping success") and a secret diet of raw fish delicacies ("the flying fish would be best").

At 4:50 a.m. one day last week, Suzuki appeared in white headband, navy-blue shirt and pink trunks, and mounted a raised wooden platform in Kumagaya's municipal exhibition hall. The platform was decorated with a large Rising Sun flag. Suzuki began skipping. By nine a.m. he had skipped 43,474 times, breaking the rabbi's record. He went on skipping until 10:01, when he stopped with a lung-bursting 48,169 skips. His wife and assembled members of the Kumagaya Rope Skipping Enthusiasts Society burst out in a chorus of passionate ban/ais.

And Rabbs Silberg? With hopes of starting an international rope-jumping alliance, he is planning a trip to Japan next summer. While there, he also intends to shatter Suzuki's record.

#### ALASKAN LASSES

Alaska has never been thought of as prime country for women, but recently females have been outdoing themselves in the 49th state. For starters—or finishers—a woman won a major marathon race. In the annual Midnight Sun Marathon in Fairbanks, Marian May, 21, set a course record of 3:02:41 while defeating a field of 52, most of them men. Next, word came that Anne Porter of Juneau, also competing mostly against men, had boasted a 51-pound 11-ounce salmon to win first place in the annual Haines King Salmon Derby. And finally, reports sized over the wires that Alaska Sunshine Caille, a 2-year-old Holstein from May-Amoska Valley, had set a state record with a year's production of 20,300 pounds of milk and 664 pounds of butterfat. Alaska Sunshine was not competing against men—but she probably would have won anyway.

#### STRIPPED OF THEIR NIGHTS

You may recall that the National Park Service banned nude bathing on the Cape Cod National Seashore this year (SI, May 12), saying that the vast increase in bathers at skinny-dipping beaches had caused chaotic parking problems, excessive litter and damage to sand dunes. No fewer than 12 people challenged the ban in court, they claimed there just had to be constitutional guarantees of freedom

to appear bare in public, just as there are guarantees of free speech and freedom of assembly.

Not so, ruled Federal Judge Frank H. Freedman in Boston. Rather sharply, he stripped the strippers of constitutional protection, saying, "The personal right to bathe in the nude is not of such significance to be considered a fundamental right."

#### R.I.P.

Few thoroughbreds get a ceremonial interment with flag at half-staff, as did Rufian at Belmont Park. Quite the contrary. At Florida tracks, for example, a horse that dies of a natural cause, such as a heart attack, is shipped to Lion Country Safari in West Palm Beach, where it becomes fare for the lions. Horses that are destroyed by phenobarbital, because of injuries, are too tainted to be used as food and wind up in a glue factory. La Prevoyant, a filly that won all 12 of her starts as a 2-year-old and had lifetime earnings of \$572,417, ruptured a lung after running in the Miss Florida Handicap at Calder in Miami last December. She was hauled away by the Charles Lowe Processing Co.

#### NEW HIGH

For years, the height of Mt. Everest has been 29,028 feet. Last week Peking Radio reported that a team of Chinese surveyors and geologists had determined that the altitude of Everest is actually 29,029.24 feet. Ah, so . . . the Chinese are finally beginning to break some world records.

#### WIND, SAND AND SPORTS STARS

A week or so ago the government of Saudi Arabia entered into a \$19 million contract with the Whittaker Corp., a California conglomerate. It called for Whittaker to launch a three-year program to educate the Saudis in sports—specifically basketball, swimming and track and field. Although American experts have often been hired by foreign governments to help their sports programs, the size, scope and cost of this agreement is staggering. What's going on here? Are we to expect a gusher of Olympic athletes from a well where formerly there was naught but oil? Or is this simply a high-priced ploy to give bored sheiks and princes a new way to spend their time?

Well, to begin, Whittaker Corp. deals in a grand potpourri of goods and ser-

vices: metals distribution, chemical coatings, pleasure boats, biomedical sciences, etc. Among other things, Whittaker has been operating three hospitals in Saudi Arabia for the past year. But sports? Robert Murray, manager of corporate communications for the company, says, "We'd be the first to admit that we're not experts in the sporting field, but we're looking for qualified people to go over there to coach."

The Whittaker vice-president who consummated the deal, Paul B. Dinkel, is reluctant to discuss the people the firm has contacted as potential coaches. But some are blue-chippers. Parry O'Brien, triple Olympic gold medal shotputter, was talked to about being a "consultant." So was Dave Maggard, athletic director at Berkeley, and Bob Tammons, head track coach at Kansas, and Tom Jennings, head coach of the powerful Pacific Coast Track Club. Whittaker's offers are tempting indeed. Said Jennings, "It was a tremendous deal—\$60,000 salary per year for three years, \$25,000 per year cost-of-living expense, a job for my wife with a large salary and a tremendous benefit package besides."

Whittaker's \$19 million (which is \$7.6 million more than the amount available for the entire U.S. Olympic program) will also be spent on equipment and various facilities, including a national stadium with swimming pool, track and basketball court. The basic thrust of the program will be to introduce these alien sports into the Saudi primary and secondary schools. From there, perhaps, Olympians will gush—or at least trickle.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Joe Torre, on catchers: "Most people don't understand catchers. For example, Jerry Grote is a catcher who hits. Johnny Bench is a hitter who catches. There is a big difference."
- Horst Muhlmann, the Philadelphia Eagles' German-born kicker, on why he's not sure U.S. pro football will ever go to Europe: "It's hard to understand what is going on."
- Steve Busby, Kansas City pitcher: "I throw the ball harder than Nolan Ryan. It just doesn't get there as fast."
- Rosemarie Boudreau, explaining why she's the hot girl for the American Legion Sher-le-Mon team in Cumberland, R.I.: "It's a lot more fun than hanging around the pizza parlor waiting for nothing to happen."

END



When a scotch tastes  
this good, you don't mind  
spending a little...less.



# Grand Macnish Scotch

The smart money scotch

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky Medatone Importers, Los Angeles, California

# Nationwide now gives your business more of what it needs. And less of what it doesn't need.

## Your Business Insurance Policies.



**More Coverage.** Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy\* offers over forty different kinds of coverage, all in one neat, simple policy. It protects your business against all the usual perils. Fire, wind storm, liability and crime. And many others. It can even give you inflation protection.

## Nationwide's New Business Owners Package Policy.



**Fewer Agents.** Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy is handled by one agent and one company, with local claims service. It makes things a lot simpler and a lot less time consuming than working with different insurance companies and different agents.



**Less Cost?** In most cases, Nationwide's Business Owners Package Policy can save you money over the cost of buying separate policies. Which means you save administrative expenses, too. Because the less policies you have, the less time you'll need to spend with them.



**NATIONWIDE  
INSURANCE**

Nationwide is on your side

\* Approved in most states. Permission applied for in others. Not available in Miss., N.C., Texas.

Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co. • Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Co. • Home Office: Columbus, Ohio



# America needs Scouting. Scouting needs America.

Today, more than ever, isn't it great to know Scouting is still going strong? Still helping our kids grow up to become good Americans. To be prepared.

Yes, thanks to the United Way and people everywhere, Scouting is still teaching honesty, self-reliance, respect. All the ideals worth believing in. Ideals worth supporting.

Get behind Scouting. Become a Sustaining Member. Make a contribution to your local Scout Council.

**Scouting**

Let's keep Scouting  
going stronger than ever.

Call Boy Scouts of America or write: Scouting, North Brunswick, New Jersey 08902.

## "...My Owner Doesn't Understand Me."

In some ways, car ailments are like human ailments.

Symptoms can develop so slowly you adjust to them, not recognizing the early warning signals. Then one day—it's big trouble.

The same thing happens to your car. Your engine gradually loses its pep. The brakes aren't as quick to act. The steering begins to wander. Whatever.

Give your car a chance to tell you if things are starting to go wrong.

Look and listen for these common car trouble symptoms.

Brakes: Noisy? Stop unevenly? Is your brake pedal mushy or fading?

Steering and suspension: Does it wander? Pull? Shimmy? Shake or bounce?

Exhaust: Hisses? Rumbles or roars?

Cooling system: Needs frequent refill? Overheats? Slow to warm up?

Engine: Is hard to start? Uses gas excessively? Sluggish, smokes or noisy?

Electrical system: Won't hold a charge?

Transmission: Slips on shifting? Noisy?

Shifts erratically?

Windshield wipers: Smear? Streak?

Chatter?

Lights: Out of adjustment? Burned out?

Turn signals inoperative?

Body: Rusted? Paint deteriorated?

If your car has one or more of these symptoms, have it checked and repaired.

For safety, economy, ecology and your general driving satisfaction.

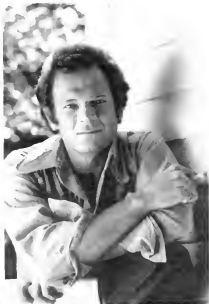
You owe it to yourself—as well as your car.



17000 Executive Plaza  
Dearborn, Mich. 48126



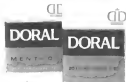
# "How I lost 1400 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



©1995 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"I smoke about 2 packs a day and I get a lot of pleasure out of every cigarette. But I've cut down on 'tar' and nicotine without giving up what I like about smoking.

"I do it on what I call 'The Doral Diet.' Doral gives me the taste I want from a cigarette. But compared to my old brand, each Doral I smoke is 5 milligrams lower in 'tar.' Figure it out. That's a difference of 100 milligrams less 'tar' a pack, on The Doral Diet!"



**Menthol or Regular.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MENTHOL 13 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.

FILTER 16 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR '95

# POLISHING OFF THEIR RIVALS

*Tim Shaw shone brightest of the victorious U.S. men at the world meet, but the East German women gave us a shellacking* by **JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

**S**taged as they were in a country under a recently imposed state of siege, the World Aquatics Championships produced a hero so suited for the role that he might have come from Central Casting. Indeed, if U.S. swimmer Tim Shaw's primary mission in Cali, Colombia was to win gold medals, his secondary one appeared to be avoiding any land-bound acts or utterances which might further inflame the passions that had resulted in rifle-toting shock troops sullenly patrolling all three pools where the championships were held. Yet there was the feeling that a few carefully considered words from the quiet and pensive Shaw could have immediately defused any but the gravest crisis.

As quickly became evident beneath Cali's orange-tiled roofs and towering royal palms, Shaw was capable of working his tempering influence in various ways. Emerging as the star of the 10-day championships, which also included competitions in diving, water polo and synchronized swimming, the 17-year-old freestyler displayed his versatility by winning three events at distances ranging from 200 to 1,500 meters, meanwhile doing his level best to disabuse onlookers of

the persistent notion that he was another Mark Spitz. Peering out from behind bookish glasses, his pale and well-chiseled features virtually expressionless, Shaw said repeatedly, "Spitz and I are totally different." Asked by one persistent interviewer whether that meant in water or on land, he replied, "Both."

Shaw also responded with sobriety following the disqualification of the U.S. relay team, a blow that deprived him of both a fourth gold medal and a share of a world record. The 800-meter freestyle crew that also had included Robin Backhaus, Jim Montgomery and Bruce Furniss had splashed home in 7:30.35, nearly three seconds under the mark set by the U.S. at the first world championships held in Belgrade two years ago. The Americans were still whooping it up when it was ruled that anchorman Furniss had entered the water before Shaw, who swam the third leg, had touched the wall. Runner-up West Germany was declared the winner, leaving Furniss, a teammate of Shaw's at the Long Beach (Calif.) Swim Club, disconsolate. Backhaus and Montgomery comforted him as Shaw calmly tried to lay the matter to rest. Putting an arm around

Furniss, he said, "We're not mad at you one bit. It could have been any of us." Then he went off to watch a water polo game.

At such moments Shaw, his tender years notwithstanding, gave the appearance of being a battle-hardened veteran. As well he might. At the 1973 Belgrade championships Shaw, then 15, was the youngest member of the U.S. men's team, yet swam to fourth place in the 400 freestyle. Then, last summer, he came into his own, and has been on a world-record spree ever since. Due to enroll at hometown Long Beach State this fall, the 5'11", 170-pound Shaw is the current world-record holder in the 400-, 800- and 1,500-meter freestyles. He also held the 200 freestyle record until Furniss broke it in the U.S. world-championship trials in June.

Once so shy as to be unapproachable, Shaw has begun to loosen up. He is even capable of hellishness, as he showed when he greatly inconvenienced some of his Long Beach Swim Club teammates by spiking their orange juice with Ex-Lax, but he still feels ill at ease with the press. He spoke of this while relaxing one morning in the courtyard of the Cali hotel housing the U.S. team. "It embarrasses me when I'm with my friends, and reporters come around," he confessed. "They're all good athletes, too, and I don't want to be singled out as anybody special."

But the only place Shaw could be sure of eluding newsmen was in the water—and there no one could catch him. Competing in the 6,000-seat pool built for the 1971 Pan American Games, he began by outswimming Furniss in the 200 free-

*continued*

*Shaw won three freestyle races; Kathy Heddy of the U.S. nailed down a win in the 200 IM.*



style, coming from behind to win in 1:51.04, just .15 off Furniss' world record. Two nights later he again defeated the unfortunate Furniss, falling less than a second shy of his own world record of 3:53.95 for the 400. Finally, last Saturday, he fought off the combination of American rival Brian Goodell, a light drizzle and a touch of misria to take the 1,500. The time was 15:28.92, some eight seconds above his world record. In fact, only five world records were set at the meet, a relatively meager haul for so major a competition in a sport where the most durable records date back only 35 months. The dearth was blamed by some on blustery weather and by Dick Jochums, Shaw's Long Beach coach, on Cali's 3,140-foot elevation.

"The altitude isn't too high here, but it's enough to affect longer races," said Jochums. "At sea level I'm sure that Tim's time in the 400, for example, would have been three seconds faster."

Whether or not Jochums' estimates of the amount of time lost because of the altitude are correct, the fact is that none of the five world records came at distances requiring an individual to swim farther than 200 meters: the G.D.R.'s Birgit Treiber broke her own mark in the 200-meter backstroke with a time of 2:15.46, Kornelia Ender set a 100-meter butterfly

record (1:01.24), the East German women's 400-meter freestyle relay team of Ender (who simultaneously set a 100 free mark of 56.27), Barbara Krause, Claudia Hempel and Ute Brückner was timed in 3:49.37, and the U.S. men's 400 free relay team of Furniss, Montgomery, Andy Conn and John Murphy established a new mark of 3:24.85.

All his protestations notwithstanding, Shaw's performance at Cali did invite comparison with the fabled deeds of Spitz, who in winning his seven gold medals at the 1972 Olympics, swam no distance greater than 200 meters. Shaw's feat of winning the 200, 400 and 1,500 establishes him as the farthest-ranging freestyler since Australia's Jon Konrads in the late 1950s. Shaw himself says it is virtually impossible to simultaneously train for such diverse distances. "You train for the 1,500," he said. "Then, when you start resting, you hope to pick up enough speed for the 400 and 200."

Slightly tarnishing Shaw's win at the 1,500 was the absence from Cali of Australia's Stephen Holland, his archrival at the distance and one of a handful of top swimmers who stayed home, apparently preferring to concentrate on the '76 Olympics. Among other notable absences were world record holder John Hencken (breaststroke) and U.S. record holder John Naber (backstroke). In their absence Britain's David Wilkie won the 100- and 200-meter breaststrokes while the backstrokes were divided up, East German's aging Roland Matthes winning the 100, then being upset by Hungary's Zoltan Verrasztó in the 200.

Even with their disqualification in the 800 freestyle relay, the U.S. men won eight of 15 events, outscoring runner-up Great Britain 178 points to 86. Counting all sports, and both men's and women's events, the *Los Angeles Times* amassed 16 of 37 gold medals. The Santa Clara (Calif.) Aquamaids, representing the U.S. in synchronized swimming, swept team, duet and solo competitions, while Air Force Lieut. Phil Boggs and Olympic veteran Janet Ely took the three-meter springboard and platform diving, respectively. In water polo an all-California team placed a disappointing eighth behind champion U.S.S.R. and, by finishing out of the top six, missed qualifying for the Olympics. The U.S. will get a final crack at landing an Olympic berth in October at the Pan American Games in Mexico City.

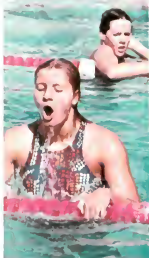


Babesheff, mainstay for the U.S. women, jumped

The U.S. women's swim team, meanwhile, was showing signs of recovering from the thrashing inflicted by the East Germans at the '73 Belgrade Games. Orbiting around its star Shirley Babesheff, the Americans were fairly brimming with newfound confidence, at least part of it traceable to a course in "self-image psychology"—given at the behest of U.S. coaches at the team's California training camp. The course was conducted by the Pacific Institute of America, whose president, Jeffrey Goforth, joined the squad in Cali.

Some of the swimmers referred to the aptly named Goforth as the "team

Ender answered a loss with two records



Shaw consoled former roommate Bruce Furniss





up two golds, three silvers and a bronze medal.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEFFER

a 4:14.76 clocking in the 400 freestyle. The *de facto* women's team leader also had some psyching equipment of her own invention: no fewer than 10 bottles of nail polish, which she applied on whim—green one day, purple the next, gold sparkle the third. All told, Babashoff swam in seven events, including relays, winning not only her 400 freestyle specialty in 4:16.87 but also outdueling the G.D.R.'s Ender in the 200 free.

"Kornelia's a drop-dead sprinter," Babashoff said beforehand. "She goes out hard and tries to hold on. I'll wait a while, and then blast it home." The race turned out exactly that way, with Ender covering the first 100 in a torrid 58.06 only to be overtaken by the onrushing Babashoff, who touched out in 2:02.5, just two-tenths of a second over the East German's world record. A powerfully constructed daughter of an officer in the People's State Army, Ender recovered to lower her world record in the 100 butterfly, despite the fact the pool lights flickered as she swam, an event that failed to shake her poise.

The only other victory for the U.S. women came when Kathy Heddy, a pixieish blonde from Summit, N.J.—her nail polish was red, white and blue—upset the G.D.R.'s Ulrike Tauber in the 200-meter individual medley. Heddy credited the self-image cram course with helping her "get tough," yet there was also the contrary case of Kim Dunson. "When I'm swimming I picture a switchboard in my mind," Dunson said. "Then I focus onto the switch that will turn off the pain I'm feeling." Whereupon the switched-off Dunson went out and failed to make it into the 100 breaststroke finals.

While the U.S. women battled with the East Germans, Tim Shaw found his chief challenger closer to home in Bruce Furniss. The Southern Cal-bound Furniss is basically a sprinter and, as the breed seems to demand, is outgoing and emotional. Shaw, true to the distance man's image, keeps his feelings to himself and inspires awe back in Long Beach for his prodigious workouts. At first the two rivals were belleted together in Cali, but Furniss arranged to be moved to another room. "Tim and I have to swim against each other," he said. "Things might get a little strained if we're in the same room."

Shaw viewed matters differently. "Bruce and I could have roomed together here," he said. "We're not going to

cut each other up. We're friends." And so they were. Mounting the blocks for both the 200 and the 400, Shaw could be seen stroking the side of his nose with a finger, and there was Furniss doing the same. It was a ritual that the two Long Beach teammates borrowed from Robert Redford and Paul Newman, the lovable con artists in *The Sting* who exchanged that signal when they were about to set up another pagoon. The difference was that Shaw and Furniss were setting up each other.

For Furniss, losing to his hometown rival in the 200 and 400 was bad enough, but the 800 relay disqualification was devastating. His premature takeoff had been detected by an electronic timing device linking the starting block and touch pad, then was confirmed by an overhead videotape camera. After the announcement and initial shock, the four U.S. relay members gathered in a TV control truck to watch a replay of the crucial instant. For all concerned *The Sting* was far more enjoyable cinema. As the slow-motion film rolled, first forward and then in reverse, Furniss fought back the tears. "I jumped," he conceded. "I really blew it."

The saddest part was that the U.S., finishing eight body lengths ahead of the West Germans, had no need to gamble. Not to win, anyway. Furniss' overzealousness was spurred instead by lust for the world record that Ron Ballatore, the U.S. men's coach, had been predicting all day. It was a chastened Ballatore who admitted afterward, "We shouldn't have worried about world records. What matters is winning."

Which is what Tim Shaw, despite his air of innocence, realized all along. Or so it sounded when, one day in Cali, he discussed his world record in the 800. The distance is seldom swum as a separate event; records in it are ordinarily broken only in the course of the 1,500. But when Shaw lowered the mark to 8:09.6 during a U.S. team exhibition last month in Mission Viejo, Calif., it was in an 800 expressly arranged for that purpose. "I didn't want to swim it," Shaw said. "I don't believe in competing just to set records. The 800 is a dumb record." Strange for someone to say who was at once a triple world champion, a member of a disqualified world-record relay team and Mark Spitz' heir apparent. But, then, those were the only inopportune words to escape Tim Shaw's lips all week. **END**



after a record relay victory was disallowed.





## HE'S IN A ZONE ALL HIS OWN

*Muscles stretching his uniform from shoe tops to shoulders, the Phillies' Greg Luzinski has strong-armed to the top of the majors in homers and RBIs*

They can still fool all of Greg Luzinski some of the time, and some of Luzinski almost all of the time, but that is no longer enough, or even advisable. These days the Phillies' fully matured Bull looms at the plate like a double-knot aerosol strayed from a Mommers' Parade and even bats in runs with singles.

It is only mildly surprising that the 24-year-old Luzinski leads the majors in home runs (26) and RBIs (84). Except for last year, when injuries kept him out of 77 games, he had been developing into one of baseball's most feared sluggers. In 1972, his first full season with the Phillies, he had 18 homers and 68 runs batted in. In 1973 his totals were 29 and 97.

What is astonishing is that Luzinski might finish this season with fewer strikeouts than RBIs and that he is among the National League's top batters with a .316 average. In fact, Luzinski has 69 one-base hits, even though at 6'1" and 225 pounds (when he diets), he appears to be anything but a singles hitter.

Luzinski looks like a linebacker or a fullback, positions he played well enough at high school in Niles, Ill.—enough to be recruited by USC and Kansas. He chose baseball instead, but retained a tendency to rely on strength and forget finesse. Hence those long balls. And those strikeouts.

Luzinski's arrival as the majors' most prolific slugger and an accomplished all-round hitter can be attributed at least in part to Dick Allen's return to Philadelphia. Allen gave the Phils another right-handed bopper who, along with 1974 home-run champ Mike Schmidt, could hit behind Luzinski and thus force opponents to pitch to the Bull. Allen also brought along his expertise on hitting.

As a young slugger a decade ago, Al-

len had channeled his own superabundance of power by "thinking in terms of a two-base hit" every time he came to bat. Now he reminds Luzinski to do the same. "Remember your zone," Allen cautions as Luzinski goes to the plate. "Make him be in your zone," he reminds him again from the on-deck circle.

In baseball terminology, a batter's "zone" is that area of the strike zone through which he swings most effectively. With fewer than two strikes on him, he can concentrate on his zone and ignore pitches that do not transect it. Zoning is a technique used primarily by power hitters, since singles batters, who have tighter swings, ideally can go for any pitches reasonably close to the plate and punch or pull them to various parts of the field.

"Dick figures my zone is below my hands," says Luzinski. "I'm supposed to have trouble with the high pitch." And that is just how teams used to work on him. "We'd pitch him high and higher," says Astro Manager Preston Gomez, "then throw him low—anything low and strike him out. But no more."

In the month before the All-Star break, Luzinski seemed to have the entire league zoned. During that stretch he hit 13 homers and had 36 RBIs. In the 11 games since then, he has had only one home run and driven across five runs. But at the same time, Luzinski has demonstrated his new maturity as a hitter. Pitchers now fear him so much that even the presence of Allen and Schmidt does not prevent them from working extra carefully to Luzinski. He has 11 walks in those 11 games, and since he has seen few pitches in his zone, Luzinski has been content to hit singles and raise his average four points. Clearly, he is no longer a man to fool with.

JACK MASS

# SILKY SETS THE GOLD STANDARD

*The stake in the richest harness race was a press agent's dream—\$300,000 worth of bullion—and the winner was a glittering filly. Silk Stockings, who overwhelmed the field and set a couple of records* by BARRY McDERMOTT

A chaw of tobacco in the cheek, a piece of straw between the teeth, overalls: harness racing is constantly trying to overcome its rustic image, and never mind all those glossy big-city tracks and the click of their pari-mutuel machines. So last week the sport picked up the pace and trotted out a new cosmopolitan image. Instead of the bucolic backcountry lanes, the racing was over the Yellow Brick Road.

Harness racing may not yet be as sophisticated as the Sport of Kings, but the Monticello-New York City OTB Classic held on Sunday at Monticello Raceway was at least a showy step in that direction. The total purse was \$268,521, the largest amount ever offered for standardbreds, and it was payable in solid gold bullion, which is certainly classy enough. The attendant hoopla and publicity generated a satisfactory number of big-city headlines and proved, among other things, that if you give a public-relations man a free rein, he will take you on a stagecoach ride through the streets of Manhattan.

The OTB Classic was a mile pace for 3-year-old New York-bred horses only, which eliminated the season's top pacer, Nero, but included a bunch of worthy contenders, including the fillies Silk Stockings and Tarport Hap, both of them by Most Happy Fella, who is beginning to rival Meadow Skipper as the top pacer sire. The idea was to illustrate that the quality of New York stock has risen dramatically. The race was also intended to show that OTB, New York's off-track betting parlors, was not necessarily ogres siphoning away fans and money from the racetracks. OTB would, it was predicted, contribute enough to the purse to bring it up to \$300,000. But shortly before post time the computers decided that because betting had been lighter than expected, OTB's part would be only \$20,121. That left the purse at \$268,521—still a record, though not as nicely round a figure.

The gold was an inspired touch. In the days before the race an armored car lugged the bullion around the New York area as race organizers held press con-

ferences and Joe Goldstein secretly wished for a hijacking. Goldstein is a New York public-relations man whose rate of speech would knot the fingers of a court reporter. The gold was his idea. Goldstein had a novel plan for transporting the treasure to Monticello, which is 70 miles from Manhattan in the Borscht Belt of the Catskill Mountains. His idea was to have the gold packed up at a Manhattan bank vault by stagecoach, with perhaps New York Mayor Abe Beame riding shotgun, and then driven through the city to an East Side heliport where it would be flown to Monticello. But when Lloyds of London, the venerable insurers of the gold, heard about the scheme for moving their \$300,000 responsibility through Fun City, they said no. That reduced Goldstein to hoping that Murph the Surf would show up at one of the press conferences as an unindicted guest.

On the Monday before the race the principals and but players assembled in Ma Bell's, a Manhattan restaurant of the nostalgia genre: white tile floors, slowly rotating overhead fans, potted plants and vintage telephones on each table. Goldstein was resplendent in a white suit, purple striped shirt and tie and white shoes. The faces of the women present were almost incandescent as they awaited the arrival of the gold.

Outside, in the morning heat of Times Square, mounted policemen stood patient vigil. Inside, New York City detective James Smith, a 15-year veteran, commanded a force of four detectives augmented by five OTB security men.

"There's always the chance of trouble," Smith said somberly. "It could come internal. It could come external."

"There are 18 gold bars," a man was saying to the gathering. "Approximately 1,800 ounces, or 112.5 pounds worth \$300,000. It was purchased Thursday, July 17 at the second London fixing and has been stored at the Iron Mountain Depository in Lower Manhattan." Bob Lipman, who handles advertising for Monticello Raceway, had purchased the gold. He confided to an onlooker that the firm from which he had acquired it did not want its name used, for fear some-

one might try to break into the bank.

Then a Brinks truck pulled up and three guards walked in carrying a small wooden crate. They set it on the bar and began clawing at the top, trying to get the box opened.

"Got a screwdriver?" one of them asked the girl tending bar.

"Only with orange juice in 'em," she said.

Finally, using a penknife and a table knife, the guards got the lid off and arranged the gold bars on the counter, each of the small, shiny rectangles worth about \$16,666. Flashguns popped. Everyone crowded in for a closer look. Detective Smith looked for trouble, internal or external. Joe Goldstein watched the front door hopefully. And over in a corner, a man and woman dressed rather simply sat with bemused looks and calculated what they could do with that gold. They were Dr. Ken Mazik and his wife Claire, the owners of Silk Stockings who that morning had been installed as the 8-to-15 favorite.

The Maziks operate the Au Clair School for autistic children in Bear, Del., where a group of 26 severely introverted and withdrawn youngsters are learning to communicate with the outside world. Dr. Mazik is a clinical psychologist, his wife is a nurse, and together they are an ingenuous, altruistic couple devoted to the rehabilitation of the children. Silky—their nickname for Silk Stockings—is helping them.

The Maziks try to teach the children a skill so that eventually they will be able to support themselves. First they tried farming, but that didn't work. Then they tried raising turkeys, but the children balked at slaughtering the birds. There are a lot of horse farms in the vicinity, so in 1971 the Maziks decided they would race harness horses, though a few years earlier, on their first visit to a racetrack, they were stunned when they lost \$24, and vowed never to return.

After a string of minor successes with claimers, the Maziks pooled their \$10,000 annual salaries and purchased Silk Stockings for \$20,000 in 1973. Last year, as a 2-year-old, Silky was cured for by

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY NELLAN

the children and won 12 of 18 races and \$144,110. Going into the OTBC Classic she had eight straight victories and \$91,868 in winnings this season. "We're in the horse business, thanks to Silky," said Dr. Mazik.

Silk Stockings' driver and trainer is Preston Burris Jr., who was working as a farmhand on his father-in-law's potato farm five years ago when he decided to quit and go into harness racing. Dr. Mazik and his wife had watched Burris at nearby Brandywine Raceway and asked him to join their venture. Burris helped select Silk Stockings, and he wears a diamond ring inscribed, "Best Wishes from Silky."

Usually when an unknown horse turns out to be a superstar the owners call in one of the sport's heavyweights to han-

dle the property. The Maziks have stuck with Preston Burris Jr.

"We think Preston's a big-leaguer on his own," says Dr. Mazik. "He's in our Hall of Fame. We have a 72-year-old groom named Ira Bennett who has been around racetracks about all of his life. He's our toughest critic. If Preston can get a compliment out of Ira, he must be O.K., and he gets a lot of them."

On Sunday Preston Burris Jr. was in rich and fast company, going against top drivers like Del Miller with Tarport Hap, Billy Houghton behind Golden Fulla, and Hervé Filion, the driver for Echo Brook Phil. The other nine drivers had won more than 19,000 races among them. Burris figures he has "a couple hundred victories," although the *Trailing and Pacing Guide* does not even list him.

At the first turn, Silk Stockings' chief rival, Tarport Hap, broke stride and a chafed Del Miller pulled back hard on the reins. By the quarter pole, after a little early jostling with Tango Byrd, Burris had Silk Stockings in front, and he could hear the others struggling and panting to keep pace.

Coming down the stretch the second time around, Silky was clear and free, charging toward a three-length victory that produced not only a track record but a world record for 3-year-old fillies on a half-mile track, a smashing 1:57½. The crowd roared and among her fans was Richard Raczowski, a youngster from the Au Clair School. He and his classmates have a saying: "Silk Is Better Than Gold." Even if she had lost, they would have believed that. **END**

As she comes to the wire in this picture—in which the gold bars are superimposed on the race scene—Silky is all alone and flying.



# THE GREAT AMERICAN ELEPHANT HUNT

*Lilly and Isa, won't you please come home? The circus, the sheriff and most of Hugo, Okla. are scouring the woods for you* by JEANNETTE BRUCE

The town of Hugo, Okla., shrivels in the sun like a dead tumbleweed. The time-temperature clock over the Citizen's Bank registers 102° at 1:02 p.m. At the Chamber of Commerce, an out-of-date census report languishing in a wall rack gives Hugo's population as 6,900.

Add now to this inaccurate number two Indian elephants, only 16 months in captivity, who have run away from a circus to the Hugo Lake Reservoir, bringing the population to 6,902. The new residents of Hugo, who have been roaming the woods for the past three weeks, were formerly members of the Carson and Barnes Circus. With three other elephants, they were on their way to perform with a circus in Mexico City when they escaped, touching off an elephant hunt of highly comic proportions.

It should be difficult not to notice two elephants escaping, but only a handful of people saw them skedaddle. One was their handler, known only as Wade. Another was truck driver Dixie Loter, a hefty redhaired woman who does not bother to explain why she made a career out of driving a truckful of elephants. "I do what Mr. Miller tells me," is all she will say. Doris Richard Miller, who understandably prefers to be known as D. R. Miller, owns the circus and the elephants. The latter are valued at \$10,000 each, and he would like to have them back.

Their names are Lilly and Isa, and they are five or six years old, still infants in elephant terms, for they will not reach maturity until age 25. They stand about 4½ feet high and weigh only 1,500 pounds, elephantine featherweights. Lilly and Isa took leave of the circus on the grounds of its winter headquarters in Hugo, having stopped there en route from Minneapolis where the Carson and

Barnes Circus was playing. After the elephants left the truck, a load of steel poles was dumped with such a clatter that three of the elephants stampeded. One was quickly recovered, but Lilly and Isa made it into the 26,000 acres of woodland.

Hugo Lake, with its 110 miles of shoreline, is surrounded by dense bottomland hardwood. It is, says a spokesman for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, an old hickory type of forest, its trees of the broad-leaf variety. "You could miss someone, even an elephant, standing 25 feet away." Poison oak and bois d'arc—a bush with long, sharp thorns—discourage exploration, and the area is notorious for copperheads, water moccasins and rattlesnakes.

In spite of such detractions, when the *Hugo Daily News* announced two days after the disappearance that a reward of \$150 was being offered by the circus to anyone spotting the runaways, the town was invaded by instant white hunters on horses and in dune buggies and airplanes. Cars crawled up and down dirt roads, their occupants peering into the brush. Motorcycles scrambled around treacherous trails, the riders looking for clues. The only official search party was Sheriff James Buchanan's 11-man posse, and for the first few days it turned up virtually nothing.

Nearly 2 tons of elephant had vanished without a trace. Trumpeted *The Daily Oklahoman* (the only thing around that was trumpeting): ELUSIVE ELEPHANTS SEND HUGO ON JUMBO SAFARI. Changing his tactics, the sheriff took his men to a trail that turned north off Highway 70, then west

once in the woods. Crossing Dry Creek, they saw elephant droppings, a trampled barbed-wire fence, signs of wallowing and trees from which the bark had been rubbed off. The sheriff was greedily cheered, even though his phone was "ringing itself off the wall" with people calling in rumors of sightings, suggestions and insults.

How could anyone not find one elephant, much less two? Many calls came from out-of-towners who had never seen the density of the woods at Hugo, and the unsmile, soft-spoken sheriff quietly and doggedly went on with his search, even ignoring a wooden sign that suddenly appeared on a shoulder off Highway 70, its message scrawled in red paint: CAUTION ELEPHANT CROSSING. Two days later another prankster doodled floppy ears over a steer's horns on an official form used for reporting lost or stolen cat-

*While Dixie Loter, driver of the elephant truck, and other members of the circus seem to be reviewing the situation, the Chamber of Commerce president and his son join the safari.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEATE RUDOLPH



tle, sketched in a trunk and sent it to the Cattlemen's Association in Oklahoma City. "It is definitely the first missing-elephant report we have ever received," said an association spokesman.

Walter White, president of Hugo's Chamber of Commerce, complained that the elephants were getting more attention than the upcoming election of a new Indian chief of the Choctaw Nation or the upcoming Bluegrass Festival, which was offering barbecued armadillo, fried possum, snake steaks, nature dancing, snake dancing, rain dancing and all-day fiddling and guitar playing. He further said he had heard that two cowboys on horseback actually saw the elephants, chased them and tried to "bulldog them down" by grabbing their ears.

The two cowboys turned out to be an Assembly of God preacher without a church, named Gerald Burton, and a cattleman, Glen Stanfield. They allowed they had tracked the animals for four days and "jumped them" in the bush.

"Why, shoot, I've tracked cows and horses and hogs all my life," said Bur-

*continued*



ton, stout and 60ish. Stanfield, slight and noticeably bowlegged, as befits a man who has been straddling horses most of his life, also prides himself on being a good hunter. They followed clues, meeting each morning near where the elephants had disappeared. There was grass matted down, sand scrapings, a barbed-wire fence on which there was blood. "One of them got hung up, maybe tore her ear," said Burton. "We tracked them right to a thicket and there they was. Couldn't see nothin' but their feet." Startled, the elephants ran. "When them elephants come out of the thicket," Burton said, "my horse was so spooked, if there'd been a ladder he would of climbed it."

Burton and Stanfield galloped after them, their progress retarded by timber and brush the elephants simply crashed through. Then Burton saw an opportunity to head them off, and the elephants turned, stopping for a few seconds at a fence. Alarmed by the excited men and frantic horses, the elephants took off once more. "I got off my horse and grabbed one by the ear," said Burton,

"but she slung me off. Then the second one passed me, and I grabbed her by the ear and the trunk, but that didn't slow her down none. Finally, we had to give up."

Dixie Loter chose not to believe a word of the above report, though she conceded that the two men might have caught a glimpse of Lilly and Isa.

"They wasn't supposed to chase them anyway, just come back and tell their location," she said. "Nobody's going to catch them elephants on horseback." The opinion grew around Hugo that the elephants had taken to life in the wild. There was no organized effort on the part of interested parties to pool their resources, and no firm plan for bringing the pachyderms out of the woods once they were found. Each day Dixie Loter, with three male helpers, went out on her own foot safari, baiting areas where she found "signs" with sweet hay, hoping the elusive Lilly and Isa would be tempted by the odor of their circus diet, though the elephants could eat their way through Hugo's forest for the next 10 years and hardly make a dent.

"Nobody ain't going to catch them elephants on foot," said Burton. "What she wearing out there? Tennis shoes? Lord 'a mercy!" Nevertheless, Dixie was pleased to announce last week that she had discovered a new sign in an area no one else had searched. Another fence was down. But this time the elephants were not guilty.

"I cut that fence down myself one day when the posse took a shortcut," said Sheriff Buchanan with a wicked twinkle. "She ain't looking in the right place."

"The area around Hugo Lake is a Shangri-la for elephants," said veteran animal trainer Bob Jenni, who was quoted in *The Daily Oklahoman* a week or so after the elephants took off. "Like children lost in the woods, they would undoubtedly wander around and play at first before they realized they were lost. And then they probably would trumpet from a profound loneliness and insecurity." On the other hand, they might not. "If left to themselves, they might not make any noise at all," Jenni admitted.

*The Daily Oklahoman* published new clues or no clues with equal impartiality, and telephone calls were coming in from as far away as Los Angeles and Toronto. The question was always the same. How could anyone not find an elephant

or two? Hugo's chief booster, Walter White, could not understand what the fuss was about. He said he was up to his armpits in brochures promoting the Bluegrass Festival when "this dude walked in from the New York Times, wanting to know like everybody else how come we can't locate something big as a elephant. He was wearing a double-knit suit, and I turned him over to Sheriff Buchanan, who set him on a horse and took him into the woods." White clearly enjoyed the scene. "Wish you could have saw that double-knit suit when it come out of the brush. He only stayed in there about 30 minutes, then went back to New York."

Residents of Hugo were constantly receiving advice, via the press and local radio station, about what to do if Lilly and Isa suddenly appeared in their gardens. Helpful hints on how to entertain elephants who dropped by for a visit had to do mainly with what kind of taste treats to offer. Elephants enjoy a split cantaloupe or a peach. A bale of hay is also a good idea, the knowledgeable advised.

"Them elephants better not set so much as one toe on my property," grumbled a grizzled old cowhand, "'cause I'll shoot 'em," and he gave a decisive pull to his cap, emblazoned with the motto THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS. But most of Hugo felt nothing but friendly concern for the two overgrown infants. Naturally, old elephant jokes and some newly created were making the rounds:

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

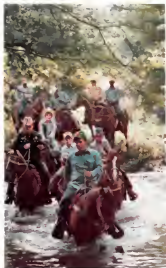
Isa.

Isa who?

Isa never comin' home.

A waitress leaned over a table at the Village Inn, giggling. "Did you hear," she asked, "about the man leading an elephant into a hotel? It had a slice of bread stuck onto its trunk and another slice stuck to its tail." The diners smiled expectantly and the waitress continued. "The clerk at the hotel says, 'You can't bring that elephant in here,' and the man answers, 'Ain't no elephant, it's a sandwich.'"

And the search went on, punctuated by laughter and weary sighs, shot through with both real and bogus news bulletins. The critters had been spotted but not seized. They were here, they were over there. *Sic transit trumpet.* **END**



The sheriff and his posse ford Dry Creek.



# Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR '75.



er of the champion's trademarks, total immersion in the colors red, white and blue. "You'll get used to it," he says. The colors swirl and swarm—red carpet, red star-covered bedspread, white and blue walls, red-white-and-blue pillow, red and blue ribbons—until one feels as though he had stepped into the threads of a giant American flag.

The color scheme does not end with the room; it flows on into Pace's closet where red, white and blue shirts, slacks, shoes and belts hang. And over to his quiver, to charms, to signs and personal effects, out to the family trailer, finally

with a twang local Cincinnatians label "brier," their term for country. "Where do you want to know?" He begins listing states and countries, matching them with feminine names, then pulls out a snapshot of his most recent admirer, a Swiss girl he met in June at the world championships in Interlaken.

If Pace's physique is no problem in the romance department, apparently it is suited to the mechanics of archery as well. "It's the best," says Pace, though one imagines that the effort of drawing a bow might be enough to snap his frail arms like twigs.

Because he was not big or fast as a child, Pace experimented with relatively few sports, his chief interests being hunting in the woods near his home and working on motorcycles with his two brothers. When he was still too young to ride the motorcycles ("sickles" the family calls them), he and younger brother Kevan rode bicycles endlessly. Even then Pace was a perfectionist, spending hours honing his skills. Sitting in the living room one recent afternoon, Kevan and Darrell reflected on those days.

**Kevan:** You were the best wheelie rider around.

**Darrell:** Had to be. I could take that 24-inch spider bike and go forever.

**Kevan:** You could go all that stretch from down there to—[points at the road and vaguely around corner].

**Darrell:** I had calluses all over my hands from practicing.

At 13 Darrell shot his first bow, and the implications were immediate. "It was weird," he says. "They have these coupon booklets here in Cincinnati, called 'Passports to Pleasure,' that give you about \$100 worth of stuff for something like 20 bucks. I got a Passport as a present and one of the coupons was a pass over at Persson Archery Lanes. One morning I didn't have anything to do—it was Saturday, May 2, 1970; I remember these things—so I went over and shot. People were amazed. I got the first two archery rankings of the Junior Olympics that morning.

Within a year Pace had passed all eight of the junior ranking levels and was on his way to becoming a national competitor. He began developing his own finger releases, carving special guides and painstakingly balancing his arrows for accuracy. In a sport where equipment and its delicate fitting are at least as important as physical skill, Pace felt at

## A STRAIGHT ARROW AIMS FOR IT ALL

No one can shoot like Darrell Pace, says Darrell Pace. Don't argue. At 18 he's the world champion and holds 16 of the 20 archery records

by RICK TELANDER

If Darrell Pace, the world champion of archery, thinks you'll have trouble finding his parents' home in Reading, Ohio, just north of Cincinnati, he puts a target in the picture window. Not just any target but one that appears to have been hit point-blank by a shotgun blast. Actually, the holes clustered within a one-inch diameter in the middle of the golden center ring were made by 15 consecutive arrows Pace fired from 60 feet away. "Nobody else in the world can shoot like that," he says, opening the front door.

A sort of matter-of-fact confidence—call it cockiness without excessive volume—is one of 18-year-old Darrell Pace's trademarks. Much in this manner, he leads a visitor on a march through the house calling out points of interest in the calm, dispassionate tones of a sight-seeing bus driver. There on the table is the two-foot world championship trophy, a carving of martyred Saint Sebastian, patron saint of archers, pincushioned with Roman arrows. Over by the couch is a drawn-glass figurine of an archer. Here on the wall is an oil of Pace with his bow taut, fingers just below the chin, nose compressed against the string.

Thus it goes, down the hall to his bedroom, where one is confronted by another

splashing to a halt at the red-and-white grille of Pace's blue Vega.

At a recent showing of *Rollerball*, the movie that blends roller skating and gang warfare, Pace cheered for the team that was trying desperately to skate over hero James Caan's head. The reason was its red-white-and-blue uniform.

"I'm patriotic," says Pace. "When you represent the United States a few times you get like that."

Behind the door of his room is a fresh 48-inch target, the type used in 70- and 90-meter competition. Tacked to what non-archers refer to as the bull's-eye is a photo of a girl, the target of Pace's affections, one assumes.

Pace grins. He is 5'11", 130 pounds, or less, with the sort of small-jawed, narrow-shouldered, countrified elongation one would expect of a pubescent Opie grown too large for *Mogghery R.F.D.*, a near-perfect Charles Atlas "before" picture. His nickname is "Supc," short for "Superman with a skinny suit on," which is what a friend once called him after a big victory, adding that if Pace swallowed an olive he'd look fat. The fact that Pace took to the name is evidenced by the red-and-blue-suited Superman dolls scattered throughout his room.

"I got girl friends all over," he says

home: of the seven hours he put in daily on his sport, five were spent down in his basement or in Pierson's back room working on his equipment, surrounded by scales, lathes, glues and hollow aluminum tubes. "I'm just an average student," says Pace, who recently graduated from a vocational high school, "but when I'm interested in something, like mechanics or electronics, I do real well."

At age 15 he missed making the Olympic team by only 10 points, and from there it was all improvement—three straight state titles, national championships in '73 and '74. "Determination is my motto," says Pace, who holds 16 of a possible 20 world and international archery records. "I have confidence in my equipment—I've made everything fit me perfectly." Given the current state of technical sophistication in archery, wherein bows have sprouted enough adjustable balance weights and dampeners to make them look like models of exotic molecules, Pace's inclination toward practical engineering is anything but a handicap. In addition, he notes, "I've got exceptional vision in my right eye, even though I'm nearsighted in my left. But your left doesn't matter in archery. Once in school somebody couldn't read the inscription inside a ring. They gave it to me, and I not only read it but the serial number, too. I've also got a steady hand. I guess I'm just lucky. It takes some people all their lives to find what they're best in. But me, I've known for years. Nobody can shoot like me."

That is the unadorned fact: at the world championships he defeated 131 of the top archers from 39 nations, beat his closest competitor, Rack McKinney of Muncie, Ind., by 90 points and shattered the 4-year-old record for a four-day match by scoring 2,548 points.

Pace pauses in his tour of the house, cocking his head to listen to a thunderstorm that has come up suddenly. "Hmmm . . ." he says. "Sometimes it gets bad when the weather's like this . . ." A year ago a tornado descended from a thunderhead, lifting off a section of the Paces' roof and mowing down a stand of trees in the backyard. Soon, however, the industrious Pace boys had the trees chopped into firewood and their father was able to use the new clearing to grow sweet onions, a delicacy he eats by the bunch. A large, friendly man who shares his son's interest in things mechanical, Roy Pace is immense-

ly pleased by Darrell's success and the prestige it gives him at the General Electric jet-engine plant where he works as a rotor balancer.

Convinced that this is not a dangerous storm, Darrell continues the tour, proceeding to the basement, where he points to six large photos of himself next to perfect 300 targets. On the wall adjacent to the photos hang five bows, one of them a strange hunting contraption with pulleys and crisscrossing strings, a prototype that Darrell is testing for a manufacturer. Across from the bows is a sign, USA—IT'S STILL NO. 1.

Pace's patriotism is natural and old-fashioned. Recently he was awarded the National Young American Award by the National Council of Boy Scouts. That trophy sits in a place of honor in the Paces' living room. Still, on a recent visit to Washington, D.C., Pace was hardly dazzled by his first view of Congress in session. "It really bothered him how the Congressmen weren't listening to each other, how they were walking around and joking and drinking water," says Marcia Wirthlin, the girl in the center of the bedroom target.

But Pace takes America's bad with the good. "I don't particularly care for hippies," he states, nor does he care for the trappings of their culture, particularly drugs. At a recent concert by Emerson, Lake & Palmer, one of his favorite groups, he was bummed out by the clouds of marijuana smoke rising from the crowd. "It was all around me, everywhere. I may never go to a concert again."

Pace's goals, unlike those of many youths his age, are precise: to set the four world and international archery records he doesn't hold, to win the 1976 Olympic gold medal, to get a good job in archery when the competition is through. Only once has anything gotten in the way of Pace's dreams, and that was an event that very nearly ended his career.

"I was working on one of my sickles over by the range on Jan. 6, 1973, when this rag storm jerked my right thumb in the chain," he recalls. "I stalled the motor with my left hand, put it in neutral and rolled it back. When I looked inside the rag, my thumb was just hanging there all chewed up. So I walked up to the man in charge of the range and said, 'I think I hurt myself.' I was real calm. A friend told me later he'd have passed out."

Fortunately, doctors were able to save

the thumb, and within two months Pace was back in top form, winning his first competition. "It wouldn't have mattered anyway," he claims. "Even if I'd lost my fingers I would have just started shooting left-handed."

Later, at a nearby archery range, Pace sets up his white bow and selects half a dozen blue arrows from his case. The target itself is 90 meters away, nearly a football-field length, and small enough to justify the spotting scope Pace unpacks and trains on its center. He pulls the string to his lips, denting his nose as in the oil painting, clamps his jaw shut and sights. He holds the 48-pound-test bow rigid for two seconds, five seconds, 10 . . . demonstrating why the three middle fingers of his right hand look like spoons. As he stands absolutely motionless, the white magnesium bow frozen stock-still against a backdrop of trees, one marvels at the strength emanating from somewhere within that frail-seeming body. Why, the question involuntarily follows, is this boy, all things considered, the best archer in the world?

"Darrell has a smoothness, a fluid quality that's hard to describe," says Charles Pierson, proprietor of the shop where Pace shot his first arrow. "You can notice it just in the way he nocks an arrow, the way he gets everything from his trapezius muscles. Anybody else his size could not even shoot that bow."

For his part, Pace gets a kick out of being perhaps the sawn-est archer in international competition. "At this one meet I was at, a guy came up with a hand-spring muscle tester and asked me to squeeze it," he says. "I did and I got a 42. So this guy tested some archers from different countries and they got 60s and 70s. Then he tried the first Russian that walked by and the Russian almost crushed the machine. He buried the needle at the 100 mark." Pace can't suppress a chuckle. "All those muscle builders think archery is in your fingers and arms. They look at me and don't know what to think."

After 15 full seconds of motionless tension Pace gently lets the bowstring go: a *fisher* of air follows, and shortly an arrow vibrates in the 10-point gold ring 295 feet away. Pace shakes his head, looking at the ground as though something is wrong. Did the arrow's final wobble bother him? Did he hear or feel some mistake? He looks up, shaking his head. "Nobody can shoot like that," he says.

*continued*

# Lincoln-Mercury announces a new little car. Mercury Bobcat MPG

# 34

miles per gallon  
highway test  
(23 mpg city test)

Mercury's new little Bobcat MPG was rated at 34 mpg in government highway dynamometer test, 23 mpg in city test with its 4-speed manual transmission. Your actual road mileage will depend on driving habits and conditions and your car's equipment.

**Bobcat MPG's government mileage rating  
together with increased foreign car prices makes Bobcat  
an outstanding value. Here's why:**

	HIGHWAY MILEAGE RATING	CITY MILEAGE RATING	STICKER PRICE*
Mercury Bobcat MPG	34	23	\$3225
Toyota Corona	28	19	\$3679
Fiat 131	26	18	\$3958
VW Rabbit	38	24	\$3330
Datsun 710	33	22	\$3519

\*Base sticker prices, excluding title, taxes and destination charges. Dealer prep extra on Bobcat and VW and may alter comparison in some areas. Bobcat's price includes optional WSW tires. Competitors' mileage based on EPA Buyer's Guide figures which average automatic and manual transmission test results. Bobcat MPG results are for manual transmission only.



Mercury Bobcat MPG 3-door

Both Bobcat MPG Villager and Bobcat MPG 3-door come standard with: front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, solid-state ignition, deeply padded bucket seats, all vinyl interior, full carpeting, sound insulation and the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

**MERCURY BOBCAT**

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



# Introducing the BSR Silent Performer

The only rumble from this belt-drive turntable comes from our competitors.

For years expensive manual record-playing devices have used belt-drive as a smooth, trouble-free—and most important—silent method for transmission of power. Now, our engineers have integrated a highly-refined belt-drive system into more affordably-priced turntables, with features and performance not available in even more expensive competitive models. We call them Silent Performers.

Model 20 BPX is a fully automated single-play turntable with a precision machined platter, high-torque multi-pole synchronous motor, tubular "S" shaped adjustable counter-weighted tone arm in gimbal mount, viscous cueing, quiet Delrin cam gear, dual-range anti-skate and much more. With base, dust cover, and ADC K6E cartridge.

Consumer Products Group  
BSR (USA) Ltd.  
Bloomfield, N.Y. 10003



## THEY LET YOU TAKE A BREAK WITHOUT BREAKING UP THE GAME.

If there's one universal rule of sports, it's that your stomach will always start rumbling on the eleventh tee. Or in the on-deck circle. Or whenever you are that a concession stand isn't.

So maybe you should make a rule of your own. Slim Jim's, the all-meat snack.

Your grocer has Slim Jim in mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, and salami.

And it's so easy to carry, you may forget you've got it. Until your stomach reminds you.

Take it along for tennis, racing, ball games, or any time you're likely to get hungry.

Just to be sure your stomach gives you a sporting chance.

A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL.  
A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.



### STRAIGHT ARROW

Superficially, as many spectators and disgruntled archers can attest, archery is a dull sport. To avoid incipient boredom at practice, Pace will periodically train his spotting scope on diversions. Today, in his rotation he spots a leggy leftfielder for a girls' softball team and follows her movements. "Heartwarming," he says, taking a deep breath.

On the drive home, Pace talks about the display he puts on periodically for cub scouts and other groups. "First, I show 'em how good I can shoot, then I ask for a volunteer to help with my William Tell routine. The kids all raise their hands, so I pick one and have him stand under a balloon. They've already seen me blast life savers to pieces, but I tell them I'll take one more practice shot just to be safe. The kid moves away and I shoot an arrow about this far below the balloon, right where his throat would be. Then I tell the crowd I'm ready. Some of the volunteers turn white. One kid ran through a table."

Suddenly, Pace's interest switches to a rusting station wagon at an intersection. "You wouldn't guess it," he says, "but that old thing's got a '07 four-barrel in it. Not many cars beat it in a run." Soon he has left archery completely and is off and talking about the fastest cars in the neighborhood, hijackers, blown, stroked, chopped—a pan to the teenage car maniacs of the world.

Girl friend Marcia Wirthlin has done her best to slow Pace's road heroes. "Whenever he sees another Vega he gets that look in his eye," she moans. "But he knows if he does anything I'll call my dad and go home." Right now Pace has little time for working on, or even driving, his car. His archery goals, which include defending his title at the U.S. National championship to be held this week at Miami (Ohio) University, are foremost in his ever-confident mind. Still, on a recent night it was pleasing to see Darrell, Kevan and their dad out in the driveway inspecting a visitor's new car as, inside the house, Mary Pace was cooking a huge pork-chop dinner.

"They're just real down-home," says Marcia Wirthlin. "They have a lot of relatives in Kentucky and they all love to talk about hunting and fishing and cars. On the fourth of July the whole family was down at a lake together skipping rocks." So it goes in the life of Darrell Pace, world champion archer, all-American boy.

END

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never  
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

**Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.**

# **PURSUIT OF A GRAYLING SHADE**

When eager salmon are lying in ambush for lures in Lapland's crystal waters, when heady wine and song beckon from the warmth of the bear—only a truly dedicated fishing romanticist can hold fast to his dream

by CLIVE GAMMON





In the middle of the night, in the wettest birchwoods in the world, Williams and I stood soaked to the skin, waiting for the others. "Please, God," wailed Williams, "send an international airport, a 500-bedroom hotel, an eight-lane highway, a cab." Formally, without real hope, he gave himself a burst in the face from an aerosol can of repellent, but the mosquitoes, which had at first merely probed at squadron level, were now mounting continuous command-strength attacks. "Go on, eat me, then,

eat me!" Williams snarled. We glowered, full of loathing, at the Last Great Wilderness of Europe, hoping with deep sincerity that it would go away.

Endless reaches of gray-green, soaking-wet Finnish Lapland, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, stretched out around us. As we stood on the soggy moss, the Kaldaväsi, a beautiful, graylingless grayling river, frothed over brown boulders into a defecable-looking but barren pool. We weren't in the mood to exclaim over that, though. We just waited desolately by the long-extinguished remains of the birchwood fire to be shown the way home. Where were they, Mr. Matti Saromaa, Mr. Jorma Lappalainen, Mr. Aikio Veikko?

They had brought us here. After the last 40 miles of rough road out of Utsjoki we had crossed over the frontier into Arctic Norway and then navigated Lake Polmak in a long, high-prowed Lappish

boat that tapered down to three inches of freeboard between us and the choppy water. From the shore of the lake we had tramped miles back into inland to the banks of the Kaldaväsi. "Grayling," Mr. Saromaa had promised, "and small salmon. What you call grise." Later he amended this to, "There may be some grayling. We shall see."

Still nursing the unconquerable hope, wrote the poet Matthew Arnold more than a hundred years ago, *Still clutching the unworkable shank, With a free, onward impulse brushing through. By night, the silver'd branches of the glen. . .* To graduate students of 19th century literature, I offer the theory that Arnold was a closet grayling fisherman. There, in a few lines of *The Scholar Gipsy*, he precisely formulated the absurd, naive romanticism that had brought Williams and me to Lapland. True, our free, onward impulse had been hampered by backpacks, but still we had brushed through the birchwoods, and it was night, even

*continued*



though the sun was well above the horizon, and was going to stay that way for the next month. And for several hours we had nursed the unconquerable hope of a seven-pound grayling.

The grayling is a fish romantic enough to make you lose your head—a member of the *salmonidae*, an ancient, ice-haunting species left behind 12,000 years ago when the glaciers of the Pleistocene retreated after gouging out lakes and river valleys. It is a clean, cold fish that is less tolerant of pollution than any other member of the salmon family. French ecologists classify the uppermost reaches of a river, where the water is unpolluted, as *le zone à l'ombre*, the grayling region, and the first sign of deterioration in a stream is the disappearance of grayling from the fast water that they favor. There are not many around these days.

Such a fish brings out the worst excesses of romanticism in anglers like Williams and me, especially when linked with the prospect of seeking them out in the last European wilderness, up near the Norwegian and Soviet frontiers where the map looks as if some unruly child has spattered it with light-blue paint. Lake after lake, stream after stream, almost all running from northwest to southeast, the way the glaciers drove. Water that is still icebound for eight months of the year.

We had seen much of it on the drive north to Utsjoki, the northernmost town in Arctic Finland, where we planned to base ourselves for the great grayling assault. Blue lakes bordered the road for mile on mile, and Williams and I had gazed at them as gluttonously as 4-year-olds being offered thick cuts of chocolate cake. But Matti Saromaa, whom we'd met in the departure lounge at Helsinki airport and who was now riding with us, saw them through cold blue Finnish eyes. "No good," he kept saying. "All the fish here have been eaten. They made the mistake of living too close to the Lapps."

I couldn't believe it. "In *Where to Fish*," I told him, "and that's a book that has Biblical status in England, it says, 'Grayling in Lapland run large and give tremendous sport.' I am quoting directly." But Saromaa, who is editor of the Finnish national angling magazine, was far likelier to know the truth. And, as we drove north, he revealed it. The factor we had failed to reckon with was that Finnish Lapland is inhabited by Lapps.

Not very many of them, perhaps no more than 3,500, a good deal fewer than one per lake, but enough.

The Lapps baffle Matti and other Finns because all they do is herd reindeer, hunt and fish. Long ago they abandoned their shamans and simple, pantheistic religion of holy birds, islands and mountains. But while they now go to the Lutheran church on Sunday mornings, they still have this lamentable attachment to catching things. In winter they hunt fur-bearing animals and the *kärnsa*, the white Arctic grouse. And in summer they fish, without mercy, using monofilament nets for scooping up whitefish, trout and grayling to be salted in barrels or shipped south to the fish markets.

No one can do anything about it, Matti told us. Finland is a liberal-minded nation unwilling to interfere with the traditional rights of the Lapps, because it might smack of discrimination. The Lapps are the last remnant of a human migration from Central Asia, with different features and a different language from the rest of the Finnish population, and they are politically hot. A committee had been formed in Helsinki, Matti

said, to review the whole question of fish conservation in Lapland, but a quirky pucker of the lips indicated Saromaa's feelings about this group. "I think," he said kindly, quickly changing the subject, "when we reach Utsjoki you must come and have a sauna at my cottage. It will help you to relax." He was a very large, placid man, the product, I expect, of many a sauna. "And now," he went on, "in a few moments we will see beautiful scenery. True Lapland." Not being a scenery man, Williams squirmed impatiently and, since he was driving at the time, narrowly missed a bright yellow Volvo coming at us over a blind brow of the road. "Norwegians," said Matti with a trace of animation. "Many are coming here for drinking holidays. Watch out for them." With the savage Finnish drunk-driving laws—three months in jail for a first offense—and the equally savage price of liquor, it seemed crazy to cross the border for the purpose Matti indicated. But he turned out to be entirely correct. Norwegians must like a challenge.

Matti was right about the scenery, too. The dark green pinewoods fell away south of us and the landscape opened up. Now it was fell country, scattered dwarf birch and little streams tumbling through rock outcrops. And lake upon lake. "Very beautiful, yes?" said Matti. "But no fish except some little trout in the brooks."

Closer to Utsjoki we dropped down from the plateau, and the road began to follow a deep, girding river that frequently broadened out into small lakes. Across each tumultuous patch of water where the river led into a lake were stretched white plastic floats—salmon traps set by the Lapps. "You see?" said Matti. "Very few get through. But the big river is different. Plenty of netting still, but they can't stop them all."

It was the big river, the Tenosjoki (which the Norwegians call the Tana), the great watercourse that forms the Finnish-Norwegian border in the north, that Matti himself had come to fish. When we reached Utsjoki—a wooden church, a scattering of clapboard houses and stores and a single-story hotel—we could see the river shimmering a quarter of a mile away. We drove down and looked at it, broad, wild, ice fed, tumbling over a stark bed of gray-and-black boulders. Historic water. A few miles downstream from where we stood, at Storfossen on the Norwe-



gian side, a postmaster, Henrik Henriksen, tossed out a spoon one day in 1928 and found himself connected to the biggest Atlantic salmon ever caught on rod and line, a monstrous fish of 79 pounds.

Only the power and strength of our grayling obsession enabled us to avoid inquiring about arrangements for salmon fishing. Matti apparently had become a little sorry for putting us down so effectively on the trip north because he said, "Jorma Lappalainen is in town. He's the police officer for the province, and he might know of someplace you'd get good grayling fishing."

Which is how Williams and I eventually found ourselves in the wilderness, dripping wet, fishless and seemingly abandoned by our companions, Matti, Mr. Lappalainen and the latter's assistant, Aikio Veikko.

It was a beautiful stream, the Kal-davisti. It was just that it contained no fish. There were broad pools at intervals, almost small lakes, but before the rain began not a single rise had dimpled their smooth surfaces. We had followed the river through swamps and along reindeer tracks, fishing a variety of wet flies. Not even a fingerling trout had snatched at them. And then the downpour started.

We lost track of the others as soon as the big rain curtains came billowing in from the north and stood uncertainly for a while where a tributary brook frothed into the main stream, a perfect place for a fish . . . in a river that had any fish. It was one o'clock in the morning and a good five-mile hike over rough country to the shore of Lake Polmak, and, after that, the boat trip and the drive back to Utsjoki. With little choice, we sloped back to camp. They couldn't be long.

They could be long. At three a.m., under heavy mosquito attack and probably running a slight temperature, Williams began to pray for a cab. Mercifully, half an hour later, Matti drove into view. "Jorma is very pleased. The Lapps have been here. I mean he's pleased he's found out that the Lapps have been here," he said. "He suspected it all the time. That was one reason why he brought us here." Well, it was nice to have taken part in a successful experiment.

"Can we start heading home now?" I asked. Jorma was coming down the trail bright-eyed as a robin with Aikio behind him carrying a very small pile, the total of the night's catch. "No, no," said Matti. "First we must build a fire to warm

ourselves for the journey." I had forgotten that Jorma was a Lapp and, as I was soon to learn, the Lapp attitude to life is: If it moves, eat it. If it stands still, hack it down, chop it up and make a fire.

I'll admit it was a bravura piece of fire making on Jorma's part to arrange the mighty blaze that he eventually achieved. And it was a rare sight to see Williams, crouching in a kind of tarpaulin tepee they had arranged at one side of it, disappear in billowing clouds of smoke to emerge from time to time like a small evil spirit. He was talking like one, too, when we finally started the long march home.

We went down to Matti's cottage after lunch next day. The wet night on the empty stream had trampled unconquerable hope deep into the mud. Now we were ready to compromise. "Matti," I said, "is it possible to arrange a little salmon fishing here?" Williams was nodding like a mechanical doll.

"Tonight you will fish for salmon," said Matti expansively.

I was glad he said nothing further about the sauna invitation. I already had made a dismaying discovery about Lapp saunas at the hotel at Rovaniemi. It is when you emerge from the sauna, pink, hot and defenseless, that you meet the death-or-glory mosquitoes in the shower room. There are never many of them, fewer than a dozen perhaps, but aces, every one. After the Rovaniemi sauna Williams had counted 134 stings on me, many of them in the most unsporting places.

And I was gladder still when Matti greeted us that evening, emerging as naked as a boiled egg from his sauna hut and waving before slithering down a steep stone bank and hurling himself into the icy Tenjoki. Matti's great head surfaced briefly from the water. "Klementi will be with you in one minute!" he yelled. Sure enough, we could hear the drone of an outboard upstream of us.

It was Klementi all right, a young Lapp in his early 20s. "Hokay?" he shouted, beaming, as he slammed his war canoe hard onto the stones. Matti surfaced alongside like a pink walrus. "I'll meet you later," he promised. "Upriver."

Klementi picked through our tackle. We had learned at the hotel that salmon fishing on the Tenjoki meant "harling." Dull as it is, it was the only way to cover such a big salmon river. Harling is a form of trolling: the rower traverses the pool, dropping downstream all the time, but

so slowly that a fly or lure hangs over the salmon lies and works in the current for as long as possible. In spite of its dullness it is a very effective technique, much used in Norway and on the big Scottish rivers. But because the lure is almost stationary, you have to use a light one, a fly, a plug or an unweighted spoon of thin metal.

Klementi tied a 2.0 Thunder-and-Lightning on my line and fixed up Williams with a sulphur-yellow plug. We shrugged at each other—we were in his hands, weren't we? Afloat, we headed into the heavy current. For three-quarters of an hour we pushed upstream, and every few hundred yards a boat was pulled up on the bank and two or three men were sitting around blue smoke from a birchwood fire. The fishing night was just getting under way.

What happened to Williams and me on the Tenjoki that first evening was sheer bad fishing luck. The word around the Utsjoki hotel where the fishermen gathered had been the usual sort of thing. Snow still melting, river too high, sparse run of fish and they were traveling straight through, anyway. Nobody had caught anything for a week except for the odd grise.

So what we needed was a civilized blank evening like everybody else had been having. Then we might have spent another night, possibly two, on the river before that good old free, onward impulse could seize us again and we'd resume our quest for what had brought us to Lapland in the first place. Seven pounds (why not eight?) of inviolable grayling shade.

But things went badly. At 11 p.m., as we dropped down a pool in the shadow of a high cliff on the Norwegian side, my reel screamed out and slowly, almost ponderously, 30 yards away, a thick silver fish breached clear. It was a sweet quarter of an hour, I'll admit that, before Klementi, standing perilously in the stern, got the gaff into a very handsome deep-bodied hen fish that went 18 pounds.

What made matters much worse, however, was another incident at three a.m., when Williams' plug attracted a plainly idiotic salmon of 25 pounds, big enough, you'd think, to know better than to grab something that moved like a drunken banana. Furthermore, the whole of the fight, which took us half a mile downstream before it was finished, was wit-

*continued*

nessed by some people in a car on the Norwegian bank who kept pace with us along a dirt road, flashing headlights and cheering when the fish was finally boated. It was this more than anything else that turned Williams' head, though I'll admit that when we woke late and went in to lunch next day to find ourselves kings of the river, I was slumbering as foolishly as he was. Again and again we had to leave our reinder stew to accept the generous congratulations of less-fortunate anglers. That alone should have told us how thin the salmon fishing was, but we had convinced ourselves that we'd hit the beginning of a big run.

We hadn't. That ill-omened night was the first of eight we spent on the Tenojoki with Klementi, and never again did we touch a fish. Slowly our prestige grew thin at the Utsjoki hotel. Four nights later a jolly, fat lady from Rovaniemi caught a 28-pounder, and after that we slipped back into the ranks, exchanging sympathetic shrugs with the others when we saw them at lunchtime.

The fishing nights themselves took on a timeless quality. There were long breaks for coffee made over fires, in Norway or in Finland, and we became very skilled at toasting sausages impaled on sharp sticks. There were the two Lapps we called the coffee ghosts. You could look upriver or down for a quarter of a mile, and swear that there was not a living soul on it, but as soon as the kettle boiled and Klementi tipped the coffee into it, the same boat would materialize, and a beaming pair of Lapps would join us, sit politely on the stones until they were offered a cup and then wait, still politely, for Williams to reluctantly produce our dwindling liter of Scotch, irreplaceable because the nearest state monopoly—Alko shop, as the Finns starkly called their liquor stores—was a hundred miles south. Every night they came, sometimes twice a night. They never caught anything, either, as far as I could find out.

I don't know how long this would have continued had it not been for a chance meeting with a Norwegian at the hotel as we were carrying our tackle out to the car.

"You are fishink," he told us perceptively. He was very tall, his eyes were red rimmed and he swayed like a native pine. "I also am fishink," he said, "but not today. Today I am dronkink." Suddenly the spell of the Tenojoki was lifted. "Wil-

liams," I said, "do you feel like a drunk?"

Until then the social life at the Utsjoki hotel had been a closed book to us. When we abandoned the fishing and opened it, a new phase began. To start with, there was a dance every night to music by the Utsjoki Duo, drums and accordion, specialty the tango. It was a rare sight to watch a Lapp guide, unemployed by reason of the salmon shortage, executing a colorful *paso doble* in his high leather boots, solo.

Matti Saromaa had also begun to go to pieces. He had fished all week in his own boat with no success, but finally his girl friend Lilla arrived from Helsinki, a tiny, delectable blonde half his size who, unforgivably I thought, called him Pou-Pou. He seemed to like it, though. The four of us began to put in a lot of time at the *huuri*. Outside in the birchwoods the ghost of Matthew Arnold might have been muttering something about the unconquerable hope, but we couldn't hear him. We might even have gone home at this point had it not been for the arrival of a new catalyst, a man from Washington, D.C. who was an airline pilot.

He was another romantic, only with him it was salmon. He had come all the way from Bangkok with his little daughter and his wife to fish the Tenojoki. To us, decadently toying with our Finnish Scotch, tapping our fingers to *Jalavsky*, he seemed pathetically naive at first, bringing his rods into the restaurant for our approval. As old Tenojoki hands, we could have put him down easily enough, but we had the sensitivity not to do that. Instead, we passed on to him the fabled Thunder-and-Lightning and the yellow plug "I'm meeting the guide at eight o'clock," he said eagerly. Gravely we wished him good luck. Williams languidly raised a finger to the waiter again.

But the seed of shame had been sown. Watching the American, we both agreed, had made us feel like dissolute old men looking at their bright-eyed earlier selves in a yellowing college photograph. "Pou-Pou," I said, and Lilla gave me a hard look, "they can't have netted all the lakes, can they?" Matti's reply was more promising than I'd thought possible.

"Jorma Lappalainen did mention," he said, "that he could arrange a float-plane trip into the real wilderness for us." Just a few hours previously a seven-pound grayling would have had to come danc-ing into the *huuri* before I'd have cared. But now things were different. Hope is

unconquerable. I called Jorma and responded to his proposal like a stew-bred trout to a liver pellet. A 100-mile flight, he suggested. We could use a hut the frontier guards slept in once a month when they patrolled that way, where Norway, Finland and the Soviet Union come together. Deep lakes, he promised, and a grayling-crammed river called the Silsjoki.

So next day, as we flew northeast from Lake Inari, a wild and mournful landscape unfolded 3,000 feet below us, lake-splattered moorland, gray, green and brown with small twisting rivers connecting the open water. Half an hour later, when we slid onto the surface of a broad lake and taxied up to where the frontier guards' hut stood on the shore, the unconquerable hope was as virile and bounding as it had been when Williams and I landed at Helsinki long, long ago.

We scrambled to the top of a limestone scree behind the hut. The drab colors we had seen from the aircraft were false. The tundra was bright with yellow poppies, bloody cranesbill, windflowers, scores of mosses and lichens: a carpet of flowers. For once a cliché had come true. And the air was loud with birds—larks and sandpipers and *kohu*, the black-and-white Arctic skua with its great forked swallowtail.

The sun was still bright and high as we brewed coffee in the hut and waited for it to sink closer to the horizon so that its rays would not be directly on the water. There was less time to wait than we thought. A pearly gray cloud front started to move in from the east, over the shadowy hills of the Kola Peninsula 20 miles distant in the Soviet Union.

We climbed the sere again and set out for the Silsjoki, walking easily over the springy moss—dry moss. Moreover, the breeze from Kola had sent the mosquitoes back into the dwarf birch. And when the gurgle of the river reached us even before we could see it tumbling down its deep boulder-scattered course, the soggy disappointments of the Kaldavsti and the Tenojoki faded away.

They were totally exorcised in the next three hours as the grayling of the Silsjoki, lying in every run and glide, came generously to our small black wet flies. They were beautiful fish, silver shot with lilac and green, more subtly colored than trout. And their dorsal fins, like great banners, corkscrewed in the heavy current as soon as we hooked them. They

would even grab the flies directly downstream as we started to pick up the line again for a fresh cast. They were fine, big fish for stream grayling. My best was nearly three pounds, and there were few less than two. I lost count of how many we slid back into the lovely glacial water once we had a fish apiece for supper. They stopped taking, finally, at about 11 p.m.

"Now we will rest," said Jorma definitively. "They will start again at about two a.m. and they will go until breakfast time. But they have to sleep even though the sun doesn't set. Like us."

I couldn't sleep. I lay on the thin mattress in the guards' hut, thinking of those lilac fish twisting in the icy water. Finally, I got up and tried a few casts, but there was no response. Jorma found me down there when he came to draw water for the breakfast coffee. He said that flies were no good for the big grayling. A spoon was what was needed. And there was a lake he had heard of that was full of big grayling, but it was a 10-mile walk.

So I never fished the Sillisjoki again, which matters not at all because I will always have a perfect memory of it, but foot-slogged with Jorma to the distant lake. And there I truly met the inviolable shade. It was more than two feet long. I saw every scale on it. It looked at me. It was hard to believe it was a grayling at all. I was standing thigh deep in the water at the time, casting a bladed spoon that looked ludicrously big for grayling, but which Jorma had insisted I use. I'd worked maybe a quarter mile of lake-shore and was getting tired of watching the gaudy, flashing contraption winking its way back to me through the clear water when I realized that a vast, dark shadow was keeping pace with it a foot to the rear. It rolled at the bait, missed, and disappeared. I cast again. The great shadow materialized once more, but there was no roll this time. It hung in the water for half a minute, staring at me, then turned and swam slowly off. The inviolable shade in all its glory.

Oddly enough, I didn't feel as chagrined as I might have but, in an odd way, privileged. I tried to tell Williams about it on the flight back to London next day after hearing about all the two-pounders he'd caught when he'd gone back for a second session on the Sillisjoki. He seemed incredulous. But some things are quite impossible to explain to the average, insensitive, *bourri*-haunting angler.

END

Latest U.S. Gov't report shows:

# Iceberg 100's lowest tar of all menthol 100's.

The only  
menthol 100  
under 10 mg. tar.



## Iceberg 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

**THEY'VE STEPPED WAY  
OVER THE LINE**



Lovely Miss Emerson, a raunchy mix of assorted beach nuts and even some real athletes, are big hits at San Diego's summer softball rite

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

To understand the true spirit of the marvelous California game and summer rite known as Over the Line, one only has to know that The Incredible Spinny Bunch set a personal record this year by advancing to the fourth round of the world championship tournament on the strength of a bye, a loss and a forfeit. Spinny also caught a ball for the first time and got a hit too. "They announced it over the loudspeakers," he said.

As if it were not already obvious, The Incredible Spinny Bunch is called The Incredible Spinny Bunch because Spinny is always spinning out. He wears a green cap with a propeller on top. He used to have a string that you could pull and the propeller would spin off into the distance. Now there is no string and the propeller must be spun by hand. Friends say this is a sure sign that Spinny is growing up. He is 43. He drives a lumber truck in the off-season. The Incredible Spinny Bunch says his only worry is that if his propeller ever starts going in reverse, he will spin himself into the ground.

At the other end of the Over the Line spectrum is Ron Trim, 28, a shoring-equipment salesman who takes the game seriously. He has fractured his leg playing OTL. Twice. Trim says, "People think this is a loose deal played by freaked-out fools. No go. We're dedicated. Twenty-five teams out here, you won't see a beer can in their hands. Guys can't sleep at night playing Over the Line."

Somewhere in the middle of all this are Mr. and Mrs. Over the Line, Royal and Debbie Clarke, a May-December couple who work the T shirt stand at the OTL tournament. Royal, a San Diegan who is 40 and delivers laundry to the underwater demolition teams "at the base," helped invent the game 23 years ago. His team won the championship in 1962, and he has been trying to repeat ever since. In the meantime he married Debbie, 25, a beach star whom everybody was pur-

*continued*

THE FESTIVITIES on Fiesta Island attracted SRO crowds for the 1,190 three-person games

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN BEGAN





McGOVEYE TEAM DID NOT SIT OUT OF THE NAME GAME

#### OVER THE LINE continued

suing, then watched as her team took the women's crown two years running.

Debbie, who looks like she was born on a sand dune, is kind of healthy. Royal appears to have burrowed out of the ground. His sun-destroyed eyes have been operated on four times and are considered one of the medical wonders of our age. He suffered "gut aches" from eating some bacon left in his van for two weeks. His closest friends call him Weasel. Sources claim Clarke can detail the history of OTL only if contacted before 6 p.m., inasmuch as he is rumored to sip a cocktail or two and is somewhat incoherent past that time. The sources are wrong by about an hour.

But this report is not designed to blow the lid off OTL. No CIA plotting or scandalous Cher and Gregg stuff here. Over the Line is simply a softball game played on the San Diego beaches by three-person teams that are invariably in some stage of undress and sequestration.

The team at bat furnishes its own pitcher, who sits a few feet to the side and tosses the ball to the hitter. The result is sort of a two-person fungo. There is no base running, which is fortunate because there are no bases. The object is to hit the ball on the fly over a line about 20 yards in front of the batter and into a court about 22 yards wide that extends indefinitely.

The three fielders on the opposing team patrol the court in various defensive formations—only girls are allowed to wear gloves—and attempt to make putouts by catching the ball on the fly. There are two kinds of hits—singles and occasional home runs, when the ball goes

past the deepest fielder.

The only other rules to worry about are three outs to an inning, five innings to a game and no throwing beer cans or disrobing completely on the playing field. These last two rules were made to be broken.

Over the Line began in 1953 when a few lifeguards and a fellow named Ron LaPolice found the volleyball courts at Old Mission Beach so crowded they

had to come up with another game. LaPolice stepped off the court and a diversion (some say a perversion) was born.

Though official boundaries are still measured in "LaPolice steps," the founder has gone on to lesser things. He was discovered recently laying tilat The Pennant, an establishment that features a special Tuesday night spaghetti dinner for 19¢. Though LaPolice's feet are said to be preserved in Coors year-round, so that he will be ready to boogie at tournament time, he disavows any further allegiance. "We've created a monster," he moans. "What an evil thing."

Indeed, as the OTL tournament grew from an eight-team round robin to its present world-class status, it has moved three different times. The game is now so big it has had to leave the beach.

The 22nd annual renewal (no tournament was held in 1958 due to the closing of the Redondo Court parking lot—you figure it out) imbibed its way over two weekends of double eliminations and concluded a fortnight ago on Fiesta Island, a clump of weeds and dirt in the middle of Mission Bay. When it was over, 594 teams in three divisions had played 1,190 games on 18 courts in front of an estimated 24 million astonishingly non-hideous women, a few men and a child with a live snake around his neck.

This was merely the culmination of the OTL season. The game has a veritable circuit now, extending from Manhattan Beach near L.A. to San Felipe, Mexico. There are OTL sponsors, trophies, T-shirts and fan clubs. There is OTL little league. There are OTL deaf teams ("They scream their hands off," says Bill Winslip, whose girl friend Denise Denn is a deaf player). OTL is running out of

sand. Next year the tournament committee is considering renting Yuma, Ariz.

"Over the Line was originally designed to be your basic RF," says Ed Thile, a speech therapist who lives beside the beach and conducts his own invitational tournaments. "Now it's a legitimate avocation." Dr. Thile later defined RF as "anything cathartic but socially unacceptable."

To put the blame where it belongs, the OTL tournament is run by the Old Mission Beach Athletic Club (OMBAC), one of whose directors, Mike Curren, expressed skepticism about publicity. "Why are you doing this article?" he asked an investigative reporter who was in the process of falling off a bar stool one evening in The Beachcomber, which is next door to The Pennant. "I get the impression you're looking for wild stuff. We're not a bunch of buffoons conducting an orgy. This is an athletic event."

Since Curren, a five-time winner of the OTL tournament and a land surveyor in real life, subsequently was observed in a state of near-derangement attempting to crawl through a dog's door about 10 inches square, interviews with other OMBAC members seemed in order.

The club is as much a state of mind as a physical presence, having relied for years on irreverence and rum-and-Cokes to keep the membership together. OMBAC was considered just another bunch of rowdy, drunken misfits when it was doing things like initiating members by "burial at sand." But then is demonstrated civic-mindedness by sponsoring 12 athletic teams.

San Diego's city fathers put great trust in OMBAC's ability to control things during the OTL tournament; through the years there has been only one arrest, a miracle considering the possibilities inherent in thousands of beach nuts gathering to drink from radiator caps and smoke each other's newspapers.

Not that OMBAC has advanced too far toward propriety. It still holds to the kind of traditional values exhibited in the club golf tournament, which keeps getting kicked off local courses because members tend to play the closing holes without any pants on.

Moreover, OMBAC's entry in a frog-jumping contest, the heroic OMFROG (club member Bill Cheng in disguise), was disqualified not because of 5'5" Cheng's Chinese ancestry, but because he was ruled "a tree too."





CAMERA-MAN RICK SPICER DOES A REMOTE

OMBAC's spirit is never more apparent than at the Over the Line tournament, where, towering above the shouting and liquor and dust, its members operate the scoreboard and carry on a running commentary over the PA system that defies the laws of logic, not to mention Supreme Court rulings on obscenity.

OMBAC has always looked askance at attempts to commercialize its product. At this season's event, a Tin Man and a clown had the audacity to mill through the crowd promoting themselves. "Get

the Tin Man out of here," Curren screamed. "Next thing you know we'll have Dorothy and Toto littering the place."

Jocko the Clown was more discreet. However, he seemed offended that everyone kept referring to him as Bozo. "These people only know one clown name. It's another distressing example of our automated society," he said.

As part of the Herculean task of running the tournament, certain OMBAC members are required to perform annual duties. Rick Spicer is expected to walk around with a cardboard-and-tin-can television camera on his head doing live remotes for "internationally renowned O.K.-TV." And OMBAC Vice-President Grant Simkins always runs the concession stand, Grant's Grill and Piano Bar, where he "auditions crooners and mooners" from behind his toy piano. Simkins is also a judge of the annual Miss Emerson contest.

Miss Emerson was discovered three years ago when Simkins asked a passing lady of astounding proportions if she was the elusive Emerson, then told her an old knock-knock joke. When she answered, Emerson Who? Simkins provided the punch line. Ever since, OMBAC members have held up placards numbered from one to 10 when unusually voluptuous girls pass the scoreboard. The leading point scorer becomes Miss Emerson.

This year's winner, Marcia Weir, claimed to be ignorant of the competi-

tion. She said of her award-winning moment, "All of a sudden I found myself surrounded by people gasping, screaming and pointing at my shirt." Weir was asked if she earned all 10s from the judges. "Heck, no," she said. "I got one 11."

Miss Emerson was not an Over the Line player, but the women participants have been the objects of grumbling from male competitors, who claim the distaff side gets all the attention.

The cameramen's favorite women's team this season wore chocolate-brown string bikinis. Formerly topless mermaids at the Reef Lounge, the three girls expressed displeasure that the Reef had "gone Country and Western." But Susie Ellis admitted she had found gainful employment elsewhere, "feeding the hummingbirds at the zoo."

The women notwithstanding, the chief drawing card at Over the Line was, as usual, the team names, which, linked end to end, would have given Lenny Bruce a decade of material. Some of the less raunchy included: Healing Scab and the Sophomore Favorites; Flying Pimento Brothers; The Sky Is Falling; Damn Rabbit Died; Deaf Jubilants; Winkin, Blinkin and Nudin; the Oral Roberts Waist-High Revival; Compared To What?; and, in the girls' division, McCovey's Mistresses, sponsored by Padre First Baseman Willie.

A general rule is, the better the team, the less gross the name. With the exception of the women's champions ("Just

*continued*

THE BATTERS TOOK BIG SWINGS, MISS EMERSON CUT A WIDE SWATH AND THE WOMEN'S WINNERS CHOPPED THEIR NAME TO 'THE UNS'





A fine addition to any penthouse,  
townhouse, triplex or estate.

For people who deny themselves nothing.  
Tanqueray Gin. A singular experience.

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER RAY" DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN LONDON. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS.  
94.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., NY

#### OVER THE LINE *continued*

call us the Uns if you're too chicken to use the complete name," said Debs Ballatore, a phys ed teacher) and the men's third-place team, this year's top finishers ran strictly to form. And the better teams also demonstrated the genuine athleticism of the tournament. Versatile individuals such as Tom Nettles, who is a cousin of the Yankees' Grig and has played in three pro football leagues and on the PGA tour, and Doug Hogan, a safety on the Southern Cal football team, showed the baiting finesse of Carew, the speed of Brock and the hustle of Rose in the field.

In the Century Division for teams whose members' ages totaled 100 or more, a dynasty was toppled. The two-time defending champions, Mom's Saloon, fell to the uproarious cheers of "Mom's dead! Mom's dead!" Mom's demise helped Andy's Ancients totter through to the championship without a loss.

That left the Men's Open Division, where probably the two best teams on the bench, Top Shelf Ramblers and George Brown's Hot Rocks (featuring none other than Ron Trim, showing no ill effects from his two leg fractures), met for the championship.

That morning, after Top Shelf had been ordered to play at 8 a.m. by OMBAC and was knocked out of the winners' bracket, curly-haired Jim Williams fired two balls at the OMBAC scoreboard and roared, "You can take your starting times and . . ." While OMBAC was deciding to table that motion, Top Shelf came through the losers' draw to get another chance at the undefeated Hot Rocks.

In the first game, Williams hit 11 for 14 and made terrific diving catches as Top Shelf prevailed 22-2. But the wily Trim had ordered his team into a split defense, to get Top Shelf accustomed to hitting against it. In the final contest, the Hot Rocks switched to a vertical defense and stifled Top Shelf's attack. Despite the continued brilliance of Williams, the Hot Rocks rolled to the championship 14-4.

Nonetheless, everybody agreed that the truly great alltime dazzling Over the Line move came after Williams had robbed Trim of a hit in the final game. Shrugging his shoulders and turning tail to the field, Trim doffed his red shorts to his rival. He broke a rule, but that probably cinched it. OMBAC gave him the sportsmanship trophy.

END

Don't sell yourself short,  
move up to today's cigarette.



Longer...  
yet milder

Pall Mall Gold 100's  
lower in 'tar'  
than the best-selling short (70mm) cigarette.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's  
Best-selling regular size (70mm)

Of all brands, lowest

20 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 75.

"tar" 20 mg nicotine, 1.4 mg

"tar" 25 mg nicotine, 1.6 mg

"tar" 2 mg nicotine, 0.2 mg

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Mix 'em up!



SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY BOOKLET ©1994 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FL 33137 RUM 80 & 111 PROOF BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF J.M. SEAGRAM & COMPANY

**BACARDI** rum and **SQUIRT**

# Cincy doesn't kid around

In its May-July streak, Cincinnati was at its Red hottest, going 41-9 to equal the best 50-game record ever and to open up a 12½-game lead

By now the rest of the National League must feel like the Reds are always on a hot streak. In 1970 Cincinnati won 70 of its first 100 games and spent all but one day of the season on top of the Western Division; in 1972 a 65-30 midseason binge brought Cincy another title; in 1973 the Reds roared back from 11 games behind to beat out Los Angeles for the division championship; and last year they nearly overhauled the Dodgers again by playing at a .716 clip during the second half of the season.

But these were merely warm spells compared to the streak that began on May 21 of this year. That day the heavy-hitting Reds scored seven runs off Tom Seaver and defeated the Mets 11-4. For the next 7½ weeks, a period encompassing 50 games, Cincinnati was as hot as any team in history, at least as far as baseball's official statisticians can determine.

The streak got under way with seven consecutive victories, and there was another stretch of six straight wins in late June. By the time the Reds had run off 10 more in a row immediately before the All-Star break, they had scored series sweeps over no fewer than half the clubs in the National League: Philadelphia, Montreal, Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, Houston and New York.

In 50 games the Big Red Machine had won an astonishing 41 times while losing just nine, a record matched only by the 1953 Dodgers, 1951 Giants, 1946 Red Sox and 1931 Athletics. Surprisingly, no Yankee team—not even the 1947 club that won 19 straight games—rivalled the Reds' feat. Nor did the 1916 Giants, who hold the major league record of 26 victories in a row.

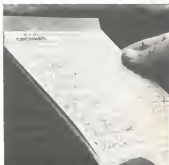
If Cincinnati's May-July run lacked the drama of the 1951 "Miracle Giants'" late-season pennant drive from 13½ games behind, the Reds' numbers were more impressive. After trailing Los Angeles by five games on May 20, Cincinnati

soared to a 12½-game lead at the end of the streak, a turnaround of 17½ games, and virtually assured itself a fourth divisional title in six seasons.

"We have been destroyed psychologically by the way the Reds have been playing," admits Davey Lopes, the Dodger second baseman. "I don't think we'll catch them." Cincinnati's Pete Rose says, "The best part of it is that we turned the race around and never did see the Dodgers. Now it's too late for them." After the Reds, who have cooled off to a 5-7 record since the All-Star break, split four games with Los Angeles last week to maintain their 12½-game lead, it looked as if Lopes and Rose were right.

How does a team go 41-9 these days while contending with so many night games, extensive travel and the knowledge that Henry Kissinger's wife is a Dodger fan? Hitting is unquestionably the Reds' strength, but they did not amass all those wins with offense alone. Good pitching and spectacular defense played important roles as Cincinnati won in almost every conceivable manner—from an 18-11 slugfest against the Cubs to a 2-1 pitchers' duel with Philadelphia. Simply, the Reds were extraordinary at all phases of baseball during those 50 games:

- Leadoff man Pete Rose had 70 hits, raised his average from .308 to .319 and had a 41-9 streak of his own, getting hits in all but nine of the 50 games.
- MVP favorite Joe Morgan batted .351, was on base 97 times, hit 10 home runs, scored eight winning runs and knocked in the deciding run nine times.
- Johnny Bench had 12 homers, 47 RBIs, seven game-winning hits and played four different positions.
- First Baseman Tony Perez had eight home runs and 31 RBIs.
- Outfielder George Foster averaged .308, hit nine home runs and had four game-deciding RBIs.



THERE ARE NO OUTS HERE, SAYS MORGAN

- Starting Pitchers Jack Billingham, Don Gullett and Clay Kirby were 17-0, and Reliever Wil McEnaney had a 1.15 ERA for 38½ innings.

- With four 1974 Gold Glove winners in the lineup—Second Baseman Morgan, Catcher Bench, Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo and Shortstop Dave Concepcion—Cincinnati set a major league record by going almost 16 games (152½ innings) without committing an error.

"We've won a lot in recent years," says Morgan, "and many guys on the team didn't know anything special was going on until we took 10 straight. But it didn't surprise me because I feel we have the perfect lineup; there are no outs in it. In Houston earlier this year the first eight men in our order got 20 hits, and in Philadelphia last week the first three hitters in the order were on base 12 times. When we put all this together with good pitching and defense, there's nobody like us."

## THE WEEK

(July 20-26)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL WEST** Two front office doors slammed on two managers, Billy Martin of the Rangers and Jack McKeon of the Royals, McKeon getting the bad news at 3 a.m. while on a team flight. Taking over for them were a couple of erstwhile third-base coaches. Texas (4-4) hoped to busy itself by using one of its own men, Frank Lucchesi, and Kansas City (6-2) hired

continued

Whitney Herzog, late of the Angels. The very first batter to come up for the Rangers after Luchessa took command, rookie Centerfielder Dave Moates, homered and, with Ferguson Jenkins in form, Texas braced past Boston 6-0. In the next game, Gaylord Perry tossed his third shutout in his last four starts, struck out 13, gave up just two singles and beat the Indians 4-0. Pepped up, Texas downed Cleveland once more, this time 9-8 in 13 innings. Then the Rangers met the Royals and their new skipper and lost three straight.

On the day his second daughter was born, Red Carew of Minnesota (3-6) celebrated by getting three hits in a 3-0 victory over New York. Then, after being named the Twins' team captain, he whacked out four hits as the Twins pummeled the Angels 12-1.

Nolan Ryan of the Angels (12-5) began to emerge from his slump. Ryan, who had a 6-32 ERA during an eight-game losing streak, combined with Jim Brewer to silence the Twins 5-0. Frank (C. Inquarto) Tanana held off the Orioles 1-0.

After Johnny Bench was quoted as saying only two Oakland players—Reggie Jackson and Joe Rudi—would be able to make the Reds' squad, the A's sounded off. "I'd hate to pitch to him," said Rolfie Fingers. "He can't think behind the plate. All he knows is he has five fingers on his hand, but he doesn't know which ones to put down." Following an 8-6 defeat of Chicago, Jackson said, "I guess I did it all." He did. Jackson threw out a runner at the plate, stole third on the front end of a daring double steal in the 12th with the A's down by two runs, singled, doubled twice and sealed matters with a two-run homer in the 13th. That was Jackson's third home run of the week and gave him a league-leading 23. Fingers continued his mastery over Baltimore with four shutout innings in a 5-2 triumph. Since April of last season he has hurled 21 scoreless innings against the Orioles, striking out 21 and giving up 13 hits.

It was almost double or nothing for Chicago (5-3), which won two doubleheaders—9-2 and 10-5 over Milwaukee and 4-3 and 1-0 over New York. But playing them one at a time, the White Sox lost three games before Jim Kaat quelled the A's 5-2 to become the majors' first 15-game winner.

DAK 92-37 KC 83-46 CHI 45-49  
TEX 47-64 CAL 46-57 MINN 43-57

**AL EAST** Put! The Red Sox (5-3) are not just a bunch of sluggers. They proved they have fielders and pitchers in their midst, too. Outstanding plays were made by Leftfielder Jim Rice, who robbed Minnesota's Glenn Borgmann of two homers in a 4-2 Boston win, and Shortstop Rick Burleson and Second Baseman Denny Doyle, who turned several apparent

Yankee hits into outs as the Sox prevailed 4-2. Nifty pitching was supplied by two-time winner Reggie Cleveland and by Rick Wise, who put down the Twins 6-2 for his 13th victory. Preserving Cleveland's wins was Jim Wilkingsby, who had three saves.

While climbing from fourth place to second, Baltimore (4-3) got two wins from Mike Cuellar, 8-3 over California and 4-0 over Milwaukee on a one-hitter. The Orioles surprised five Brewer home runs in another game to pull out a 10-7 win.

New York (4-4) began by taking a doubleheader from Minnesota, frolicking 14-2 and then squeezing out the nightcap 5-4 with two runs in the ninth. But the Yankees hit no homers in their last eight games and twice lost one-run decisions.

Cleveland (3-3), Detroit (3-5) and Milwaukee (3-6) had troubles of their own. Indian Second Baseman Duane Kuiper injured his knee and Reliever Tom Buskey his back. But Dennis Eckersley improved his record to 7-3 by defeating Detroit 6-0. That was one of three shutouts suffered by the Tigers, who, like the Indians, lost two players. And the injuries were hurting. Reliever John Hilt, who had not been scored on in his last 11 outings, was put on the disabled list with a pulled muscle in his pitching arm, and Outfielder Danny Meyer was out with a broken foot. The Brewers are also beset with walking wounded. Tim Lincecum has to wait until fellow Second Baseman Pedro Garcia returns from his bout with a back injury before he can have an elbow operation. Bandaged and weary, the Brewers committed 18 errors, leaving them just 13 short of last season's total, the lowest in the league. George Scott, still robust, hit home runs 18, 19 and 20, and was made team captain.

BOS 92-40 BAL 40-47 NY 50-48  
MIL 50-50 DET 44-54 CLE 43-52

**NL WEST** White Cincinnati (4-6) endured along, San Francisco moved to within two games of second-place Los Angeles. The Giants (7-2) spurred as Jim Barr beat the Pirates 7-2 and the Astros 8-1, each time being supported by three RBIs by Chris Speier, who had 14 in all. After chipping in was Willie Montanez, who drove in 10 runs and hit .419. Despite nine homers—three of them by rookie John Hale—the Dodgers (3-5) stumbled.

Randy Jones of San Diego (4-4) took the league LRA lead with a 2.04 mark, throwing just 68 pitches to knock off Pittsburgh 1-0 for his fifth shutout. In a showdown with the Braves for fourth place, the Padres won three in a row as Mike Ivie went 9 for 15. Ivie, a hometown boy, is 17 for 27 in six games in Atlanta this season.

A botched-up double play cost the Braves (3-6) a 3-0 loss to the Phillies, and tendinitis in his shoulder put last year's ERA leader,

Butt Capra, out for the season. But Phil Niekro won for the ninth and 10th times.

In Houston, the Astros (3-5) were still the Astros. Cesar Cedeno was sidelined with a split finger and the team, which lost three one-run contests, went the week without hitting a home run.

CIN 86-38 LA 83 48 SF 50-50  
SD 47-54 ATL 42-67 HOU 36-67

**NL EAST** The Towering Inferno is a nickname that has been hung on Dave Kingman of the Mets because he is 6'6" and has a fiery temper. Last week Kingman was towering and smoking, hitting five home runs. He started with two homers and six RBIs against Houston as New York, down 7-1, rallied to win 10-9. Kingman finished up with his 21st of the season in another slugfest, a 9-8 decision in Chicago. New York (5-2) beat Cincinnati twice. Jerry Kosman slowed down the Reds 3-1, setting up one run with the first steal of his nine-year career, then Joe Mantack hung on for a 5-2 win.

Greg Luzinski (page 12) does more than bang home runs for the Phillies (5-3). In a 3-2 defeat of Atlanta he stole two bases, one of which set up the winning run which another slugger, Mike Schmidt, squeezed in. Turning on their speed, the Phillies stole 14 bases as they moved to within four games of the Pirates (3-4). Pittsburgh batters had an off week, hitting .249. But the pitchers took up the slack, four-timers being thrown by Jerry Reuss, who beat the Expos 6-1, and Dock Ellis, who subdued the Padres 8-1.

With three more one-run victories, St. Louis (6-3) boosted its record in that category to 19-30. Three former Dodgers—Ron Fairly, Willie Davis and Ted Sizemore—tormented their old teammates. In the first game a single by Fairly, a double by Davis and a sacrifice fly by Mario Guerrero in the 11th beat Los Angeles 4-3. A day later, Sizemore's two-run single gave St. Louis the winning margin in a 5-4 contest. Reliever Al Hrabosky lifted his record to 9-2 with three wins and brought his LRA down to 1.45. Harry Rasmussen eased to a 4-0 win over San Diego in his big-league debut. Ted Simmons hit a most unusual drive home, having his over-the-fence drive disallowed because he hit it with a bat into which grooves had been cut near the barrel end.

Montreal (3-5) and Chicago (2-5) slumbered on. But Pete Mackanin and Gary Carter did have game-winning hits for the Expos. And Manny Trillo's single in the ninth gave Rick Reuschel and the Cubs a 1-0 victory over the Dodgers. Another Cub, Bill Madlock, went 6 for 6 in vain, his feat coming in the 9-8 loss to the Mets.

PIT 80-38 PHIL 57-43 NY 50-48  
ST. L 48-48 CHI 45-55 MONT 40-54

**WE DID IT BEFORE  
AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!**

# THIS TIME IT'S A NATIONWIDE SALE.



**\$300 CASH BACK  
ON ALL FULL-SIZED  
CHRYSLERS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK  
ON ALL MONACOS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK  
ON ALL GRAN FURYS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK  
ON ALL SMALL  
FURYS.**



**\$300 CASH BACK  
ON ALL CORONETS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL DUSTERS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL VALIANTS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL DARTS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL DODGE  
SPORTSMAN WAGONS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON DODGE  
PICKUP TRUCKS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL DODGE  
VANS.**



**\$200 CASH BACK  
ON ALL PLYMOUTH  
VOYAGER WAGONS.**

We did it before. And we can do it again! This time, it's a Nationwide Sale. You can get up to \$300 cash back on the new 1975 cars that are priced to move—Chrysler, Plymouth, and Dodge. These are the cars designed to meet today's demands for reduced maintenance and greater efficiency.

This time, you can get cash back on almost every car and truck Chrysler Corporation makes. Up to \$300 back on Plymouth, Dodge, and full-sized Chryslers. And \$200 back on Dodge pickups\* and vans. The trucks with big gas mileage\*\* and big economy.

We're moving cars and trucks. And we're going to keep on moving them. This time, it's a Nationwide Sale.

**Come on down to your Dodge  
or Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's, today.**



Offer applies to retail customers only at participating Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth Dealers.

\*Offer does not apply to 4-wheel-drive vehicles.

\*\*EPA tests showed Dodge pickups and vans with 225 cc-cyl engines got 26 mpg highway and 16 mpg city cycles.



## Too much long green in the Bluegrass

A breeder whose yearlings go for record prices has been accused of rigging auctions



THIS COLT WENT FOR \$715,000 AND SPAKED THE CONTROVERSY

Even while Leslie Combs II of Spendthrift Farm beamed and bowed in the Keeneland Sales Pavilion last Monday night after selling a yearling for a world-record \$715,000, other Bluegrass horsemen were muttering—in jealousy, admiration, anger and disbelief. Combs, the slick Lexington, Ky. horse trader, had once more topped the sale with a world-record price for the star of his consignment. An egotistical old gent with a drawl as thick as sorghum molasses, Combs loves the power, prestige and publicity attendant to the sale of a record yearling. Lately, however, his methods and behind-the-scenes deals have come under scrutiny and sharp criticism.

The first hint that there might be price fixing at Keeneland came when it was revealed that Canadian Frank McMahon bought 1969 Kentucky Derby winner Majestic Prince for only \$125,000 at the 1967 Keeneland sale—instead of the \$250,000 that went down in the record book. Unknown to the public—and, presumably, to many other bidders—McMahon owned half of Majestic Prince's dam, Gay Hostess, in partnership with Combs. Thus, McMahon was bidding \$60 to everyone else's dollar.

And last summer Combs' sale of a Raise a Native yearling for a record \$625,000 also was called into question when it was revealed that 1) buyer Wallace Gilroy, age 87, wasn't at the auction and, in fact, had announced that he was getting out of racing; 2) Gilroy wasn't listed among Keeneland's accredited buyers because of what sales officials later termed "a clerical error"; 3) the agent bidding on Gilroy's behalf was none other than Keeneland sales director Bill Evans; and 4) the colt was shipped back

to Spendthrift and placed in the hands of Combs' trainer, Dick Fischer. Named Kentucky Gold, he has yet to race.

Was Keeneland conspiring with Combs—a director of the Keeneland Association and long the anchor of the track's sales—to set the world record? Whose money was Evans bidding with, Gilroy's or Combs'? Gilroy was unavailable for comment and Combs denied any chicanery.

Some Kentucky breeders who have watched Leslie Combs, and competed against him, are angry. "It's ridiculous, the deals he pulls," said one man who asked not to be identified. "He arranges these false sales and they make the rest of us look like thieves. The public figures that if Combs is doing it, the other breeders must be, too. It's bad for the industry. He gets the publicity, and the poor guy who sells a horse for a legitimate \$300,000 or \$400,000 gets nothing." Why does Keeneland tolerate the situation, if what the breeder says is true? "Because Combs is Keeneland," the man explained.

Before last week's auction, the word was out that Combs was going for another world record, this time with a yearling son of Raise a Native and Gay Hostess, a handsome red full brother to Majestic Prince. Those who claimed to be in the know said Combs would get between \$725,000 and \$750,000 for the colt, and that this year the shenanigans wouldn't be as obvious as they were in 1974.

At dinner in the Keeneland grandstand before the sale, Combs was his usual affable self. He yelled to a friend headed for the ring, "Tell that auctioneer to take his time, ya heah? Tell him he don't have to set no world record for how fast he can sell horses."

Shortly after 10:30 p.m. the prized yearling—Hip No. 152—was led into the arena. The bidding came in quantum leaps of hundreds of thousands of dollars, then in tiny steps of \$2,000 or so as the price edged past \$700,000. Canadian John Sikura, a man who would bid \$1.6 million for three stars of the sales but not be successful in buying one (he settled on seven lesser animals), signaled \$711,000. But he was raised to \$715,000. The gavel was banged at that figure, giving Combs another world record.

Immediately, reporters and photographers (ABC had Jim McKay on the scene, CBS had Heywood Hale Broun) mobbed Combs and the successful bidder, a handsome lady who identified herself as Mrs. Ann Trimble Clark, owner of Pongola Farm in the Bluegrass. Mrs. Clark said she was acting as agent for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Groves of Minneapolis. She said they were newcomers to the thoroughbred game but quite successful with show horses, and that they had authorized her to bid \$700,000 for the colt. "The other \$15,000 was mine," said Mrs. Clark, "because I wanted these people to have the horse so badly." She said Mr. and Mrs. Groves couldn't be reached for comment because they were "out of the country."

This is where events began to take a peculiar turn. While other reporters were interviewing Combs, I obtained the number of the Groves residence from Minneapolis information and dialed it. A woman answered. When I identified myself as a newswoman, she said, "Oh, God." Then, "Frank, it's a reporter." After some muffled conversation, she said, "Well, I guess I've got to talk to you."

Mrs. Groves said she and her husband



had known Combs "for a while." During the Junior League Horse Show in Lexington this summer, they had gone to Spendthrift to see the yearling. She gave no particular reason why they decided to go into the thoroughbred business in such spectacular fashion. "We just decided to do it."

At one point Mrs. Groves said, "We've been working all along with Mr. Combs on how we would handle the horse."

"Oh," I said, "so you were pretty confident of getting him?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Groves. "You never know for sure."

She explained the horse would be returned to Spendthrift, would be kept there when he wasn't racing and that no trainer had been selected. Asked why she and her husband had not attended the sale, Mrs. Groves said she had spent lots of time in the Bluegrass this summer at horse shows and just felt that she had to get back home, because of her father's recent death and her mother's advanced age.

At Keeneland, meanwhile, Combs was answering queries about the Groveses. First he said he didn't know them. Then he amended that to say that he did know them, meeting them only a few weeks ago when they visited Spendthrift. He claimed the sale was on the up and up. "You can't find anything wrong with this one," he said.

The next day Mrs. Clark—the agent—told reporters that she had once been employed by Combs. She also said her comment about the purchasers being out of the country was a "slip of a tongue." She had meant to say "out of town."

So this was the deal: A horse-show couple from Minneapolis decided to break into thoroughbred racing by blowing a world-record \$700,000 for one colt. They couldn't make it to Keeneland to spend their fortune in person, although they had recently been in the state to watch their show horses compete for ribbons and purses that, relatively speaking, were peanuts. The agent who signed the sales slip formerly worked for Leslie Combs and misled the press—intentionally or otherwise—in regard to the Groveses' whereabouts during the sale. The couple had been talking to Combs weeks before the sale and were going to leave the colt in his hands indefinitely.

A legitimate world record or another Bluegrass deal?

END

## Helps Shrink Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due To Inflammation. Relieves Pain And Itch...

**Gives prompt temporary relief in many cases from hemorrhoidal pain and burning itch in such tissues.**

There's an exclusive medication which actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. And in many cases it gives prompt relief for hours from rectal itching and pain in such tissues.

Tests by doctors on patients showed

while it gently relieved such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these tissues.

The medication used in the tests was Preparation H\*. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

### THE END OF THE **HO-HUM** AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

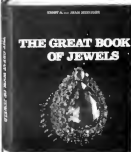
Nothing wakes up an audience like the stars of the world of sports. And the Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau offers you a star-studded lineup of 2,000 of the greatest athletes in the world.

Whether you're planning an award banquet for 400 insurance agents or 40 local Little Leaguers, we've got someone who'd be happy to talk to you.

Contact Keith Morris, Director, SI Athletes Service Program, (212) 556-3338.



### The most breathtaking book on jewels ever published



Edited by Ernst and Jean Heiniger. This stunning volume captures all the romance, the history, the mystery, the enduring beauty of the world's most precious gems. Nearly 300 color, many b & w illus. 348 pp. 11 x 14 ins. \$59.50 until 12/31/74; \$69.50 thereafter.

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY  
11 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108  
A Time Incorporated Company

# People

weekly

is here.

Pick up a copy today, wherever you buy magazines.

## An awesome light touch

Ever since Lee Trevino got zapped, the highly charged atmosphere on the links has turned into a physical, as well as a figurative, concern

For those who prefer their summertime leisure activities spiced with a tingle or two of dread, it couldn't be a more electrifying year. First comes *Jaws* to scare the trunks off normally complacent beachgoers and send them scampering to the safety of . . . the golf course? No refuge there from fear and trembling. The widely publicized incident during June's Western Open in Oak Brook, near Chicago, where Lee Trevino and two other touring pros were zizzed painfully but nonfatally by lightning, has opened up a whole new world of outdoor *Agony*.

The consequence all over the country has been to send duffers scurrying for what they consider safety at the first sighting of gray clouds. Even the pros are paying more attention to the TV weathermen and their meteorological patter. As well they might. Nine times in the last seven tournaments, lightning has delayed

or disrupted play. The opening round of the Canadian Open was halted for three hours last Thursday when a particularly violent electrical storm roared over the Royal Montreal Golf Club at Ile Bizard, catching about half of the 153 players out on the course. Most of them braved the bolts to return to the clubhouse, but Jack Nicklaus and five others were taking no such chances. They found shelter in the sumptuous summer home of Doug J. Baillie, a Montreal businessman and golf buff whose part-time residence abuts the fourth hole.

"Nicklaus seemed to be looking for lightning," Baillie says. "He sniffed it out. They all took cover in a hut under a tree but I didn't think it looked that safe, so I invited them in." While Nicklaus spent most of the time dozing on the sofa, the others sipped lemonade and discussed lightning. "Jerry Heard was par-

ticularly anxious," Baillie recalls—understandably so, since Heard was one of the players jolted with Trevino in Chicago. "He told me, 'Once you've been hit, you'll always be terribly nervous when there's lightning.'"

Nicklaus, who was six under par through 12 holes when the storm hit, went back out on a sodden course, still ripped by high winds, and managed to duplicate Tom Weiskopf's course-record 65, completed before play was interrupted. They tied again with six-under-par 274s at the end of regulation play on Sunday. Weiskopf went on to birdie the first hole of sudden death for the win. Other golfers were not so responsive. Trevino, the shoulder burns incurred in Chicago healed, shot a 71 on the first round, and 280 for the tournament to finish tied for seventh. "If I shoot a 77, I don't give a damn anymore. At least it doesn't upset me as much as it used to," he said, implying a new sense of values resulting from the Chicago sizzle. "Something like that is an experience you never forget. Emotionally, it shook me up."

Many other lightning victims have lived to recall the fearsome experience. The National Safety Council estimates that 120 Americans die annually upon being hit by lightning, but that about two out of three victims will survive. The

continued



Of all menthols tested:

# Carlton menthol is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for  
other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg./cig	nicotine, mg./cig
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
<b>Carlton Menthol</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>0.3</b>
<b>Carlton Filter</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>0.3</b>

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—  
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

world record-holder for lightning strikes (according to Guinness) is a 63-year-old Virginia park ranger, Roy C. (Dooms) Sullivan, who has been hit five times since 1942, the latest and most severe blast coming in 1973 after he had stepped out of a truck. "It set my hat and hair on fire," he recalls. "Then it went down my left arm and leg, knocked off my shoe, and crossed over to my right leg. It also set my underwear on fire."

Since 14% of lightning deaths occur on athletic fields and other places of recreation, many golfers have been hit. In the past 10 years Jim Davey, the pro at the Bobby Jones municipal course in Atlanta, was struck once and had another frightening close call on the 7th hole at the nearby Piedmont Park course. "While I was waiting for the green up ahead to clear, the fellow playing behind me hit, and his ball rolled between my legs," Davey relates. "I went ahead, but that man was struck and killed right where I'd been standing just seconds before." The second time, in the same area of the 7th fairway, he saw sparks fly out of his wedge. "It burned the bottoms of my feet and my insides shook for three days," he says. Mac Sams Jr., also of Atlanta, is another double victim, but in his case both strikes occurred this year. The first, in early May, merely shivered his umbrella as he ran for the clubhouse; the second, which killed two of his playing partners, sought him out under "some damned persimmon trees," knocked him cold and left him forgetful of even his own name.

"I never knew what hit us," says Sams. "I was standing there one minute commenting about how wet my pants were and the next thing I knew, I was flat on the ground and couldn't even move."

Clearly the old saw about lightning never striking twice in the same place is about as hollow as a thunderclap. The very nature of the phenomenon virtually guarantees that it will strike not just twice but almost inevitably in the same place. The highest ground usually gets it first. Lightning is the result of a build-up of static electricity in rapidly moving, churning clouds. It can be likened to some huge, vaporous man scuffling the soles of his shoes on the deep-piled carpet of the sky, and then touching a finger to the ground—zap! It's the same type of spark we all get when we walk across the living-room carpet on a dry, cold day and touch the light switch.

Only bigger—up to 20 million volts.

The power of lightning, and the intense heat it generates, can split a mature oak into flinders and cinders. The heat causes the sap to boil in an instant, the resultant internal pressure being enough to pop the tree apart. Then the dry wood, damp just a moment before, can literally burst into flames. Since a lightning charge always is seeking to neutralize itself as quickly as possible, anything standing on an open surface becomes a prime target: a tree, a house-top, a telephone pole, a man on a tractor, a golfer—particularly with a club or an umbrella raised—hiking across an open course.

Rives McBee, a former touring pro who now serves as head pro at Las Colinas Country Club near Dallas, expresses the deep awe in which golfers who value their lives hold the phenomenon. "I was one of the cowards who ran from lightning in this year's Open, like Ben Crenshaw," he says. "Some people laughed at Crenshaw when they saw him on TV running to the nearest shelter. They weren't laughing after Trevino got hit the next week." McBee's blitzphobia dates from the death of a friend, Jackie Hawkins, who was killed by a bolt about eight years ago on an Arkansas course. "Some people just don't realize that's a lightning rod above your head when you swing a club. And the spikes on your shoes ground you pretty well."

The shoes probably play less important a role than the mere height of the club—or the golfer's head. Lightning, which can strike up, down or sideways and which sometimes even rolls itself into "great balls of fire" cascading toward the nearest prominent object—animal, vegetable or mineral—is looking only for an oppositely charged body to join in its fiery embrace. If there's no metal around, wood or flesh will do just as well. Some golf course experts recommend running or riding a golf cart as swiftly as possible to shelter when lightning approaches. A cart, they suggest, is not "grounded," thanks to its rubber wheels—at least not in theory. But, in most instances, it is an open vehicle, and 42% of all lightning deaths in America occur on farms, a preponderance of the victims being farmers riding their rubber-tired tractors.

The problem seems to be that the rubber-tire theory does not take into account the fact that the passengers are riding on top of, not in the vehicle. A fully enclosed

automobile is relatively safe, as the static charge dissipates its energy around the metallic shell of the car.

What, then, is the best way for a golfer to avoid the heavenly hellfire?

First, stay off the course if thunderstorms are reported in the vicinity.

Second, if they show up suddenly and from a dry sky, listen closely for the siren blast that most golf courses use to signal lightning danger. Then leave your clubs and head for the clubhouse or the lowest dry ground in the vicinity.

Third, if lightning is actively working in the immediate area, get rid of your club and your umbrella quickly (it's too late to worry about shoes by now), lie down flat in the nearest depression and pray that the hollow does not fill with water—a splendid electrical conductor. A judicious decision must be made at this juncture between returning to the safety of an enclosed shelter—which will not only keep you dry but spread the shock if lightning should hit—or weathering it out. The best advice, though, is to take the low ground and hold it until the electrical cannonade ceases.

Make no mistake, lightning is a real and omnipresent threat and a far more realistic danger than the Great White Shark which populates our nightmares care of Peter Benchley. And where the shark is relatively random in its choice of victim, lightning is quite selective. It only takes the tall ones—the bits of matter protruding highest above the surface.

Thus it can be avoided.

The best way, though expensive, might be to take a lead from IBM, which has built a number of nearly lightning-safe golf courses. The IBM Country Clubs in Johnson City and Poughkeepsie, N.Y. have rain shelters dotted along the course—open-sided, half-wall-loggabs.

Ironically, Lee Trevino—the most celebrated golfer to be struck by lightning—may also be getting weary of the honor. Last week in Montreal he said, "It's like digging up the dead to ask them, 'What did it feel like when you died?' Actually, it gets sickening, a little, this talk about lightning. I got hit. I didn't want to get hit. When golfers ask me about it, I tell them not to talk about it. I don't want to talk about lightning. I'm not interested in it."

Ah, though, lightning is interested in you, Señor Trevino. And Dooms Sullivan can tell you what that is like, with five variations at last count.

END



## The best GT car in its class.

*Road & Track* names Datsun 280-Z  
"Best sports-GT car, \$5,800 to \$8,000"

The new fuel injected Datsun 280-Z makes its bow in America with a rare honor indeed. It's been named one of the 30 best cars for a changing world in the June issue of *Road & Track* magazine. At \$6,284\* the Z took top spot in the "Sports-GT cars, \$5,500 to \$8,000" category.


The new 280-Z has computerized fuel injection for instant acceleration, great mileage and better emission control. The 280 carries on the Z-Car heritage of superior technology with its new 2800cc overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension and transistorized ignition, as well as a long inventory of standard comfort and performance features. Test-drive the new 280-Z and 280-Z 2+2.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for two-door package with standard 4-speed transmission, excluding tax, license, transportation and dealer prep & any



# Datsun 280-Z





*I walk down the patterned garden-paths  
In my stiff, brocaded gown,  
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,  
I too am a rare  
Pattern . . .*

*Christ! What are patterns for?*

—AMY LOWELL

**t**he floor is bare except for the cardboard dress pattern, which is scattered in disarray. Seated behind a sewing machine in the sparsely furnished room is a woman in her late 20s. She is sewing by hand, her head tilted in such a way that her features are foreshortened and shadowed. Only her hair is caught by the smoky shafts of sunlight pouring through an open window.

"I drove to Houston," she says. "I'd heard about Mary Jo. Everyone in volleyball knew about her. The girls on her team lived in a big old house in Houston. Mary Jo did the cooking. I remember one day she left some pots boiling on the stove. One of the girls turned them off. Mary Jo was furious. She was the cook, she said, and locked herself in a room. A few weeks later I walked into the kitchen, and

*continued*

# Designing Woman

*A lot of people in volleyball consider Mary Jo Pepler a talented but temperamental prima donna. Yet few deny that the Superstars winner is in tune with these times*  
by PAT JORDAN

there were three girls staring at a pot of stew. It was bubbling and boiling over the sides of the pot, down the side of the stove and onto the floor. Mary Jo had gone out and had forgotten to turn it off. None of the girls would touch it. "Not me," one said, "you think I'm crazy!"

"We were terrified of her. She was so hard on us. We were emotionally involved, too. We looked to her for direction, both as players and as women. She was going to lead us to an Olympic gold medal. It was our dream. Then they took the program away from her. Just like that! We had nothing left."

"She was so hurt, she quit volleyball. She had gone through hell to play volleyball. Now she's turned professional. She's playing for the pro team here in El Paso. One of two women playing on a men's team. She won't be able to adjust to men. They'll try to dominate her, and she won't let them. She'll never adjust. She's light-years ahead of them in her thinking. When it comes to volleyball plays and systems, she's a genius. But in other ways, she's a dreamer. She was the best of coaches and the worst of coaches. She had these beautiful systems worked out in her head. But we could never perform them on the court and she could never understand why."

As an amateur, Mary Jo Peppler was voted the best woman volleyball player in the world at the 1970 international games in Bulgaria despite the fact that her U.S. team finished 11th. As a coach, she formed two of the most powerful women's teams in the country, the Los Angeles Renegades and the E Pluribus Unum team of Houston. The latter won the U.S. championship in 1972 and '73, wresting that title from its Southern California possessors for the first time in 22 years.

Despite these playing and coaching successes, however, Peppler's volleyball career has been filled with controversy. She feuded with officials of the U.S. Volleyball Association in what she claims was an effort to improve the caliber of U.S. teams and win an Olympic gold medal. She has been accused of being a prima donna who, when she does not get her way, either quits or slacks off during competition. Al Monaco, executive director of the USVBA, says, "She's a gifted athlete who can't be handled."

Mary Jo Peppler finally provoked the USVBA so much that she was told she was no longer needed either as a player or as a coach of the team that was to represent the U.S. in the 1976 Olympics. The team coach at that time, Charles Erbe, said he preferred to build his squad around younger, more malleable women. "I've worked with older girls before," he said. "They did not have attitudes I wanted to train, and I told them to get lost."

Forced to abandon her dream of an Olympic gold medal, Mary Jo Peppler joined the professional International Volleyball Association, which began operating in May. When she signed with the El Paso-Juarez Sol last winter she was still the best woman volleyball player in the world and still, after 12 years, relatively unknown as an athlete, but two months later she won the women's Superstars competition in Rotonda, Fla. At the age of 30, Mary Jo Peppler was finally thrust before the public eye.

The Brazos in downtown El Paso is a square, four-story, stucco building the color of mustard. It is dwarfed and shadowed by the city's glass-and-chrome skyscrapers and, at the same time, set apart from them by spacious parking lots. The Brazos is an island deserted by time. It belongs to another El Paso—a flat, dusty, bleached, unshadowed desert

town, shimmering and floating under a white sun, a town of hot, dry winds and adobe huts with shuttered windows like black holes, a town of Mexican women and gunfights and quick fights on horseback through the desert.

Mary Jo Peppler, wearing a gray T shirt, jeans and sneakers, steps off the curb, makes a tossing gesture with her head the way a colt does and crosses the street to the Brazos. A group of Mexicans stares after the towering white woman. She is 6', but so well proportioned at 155 pounds that from a distance one is not conscious of her height. She walks with long strides, her upper body held stiff, arched backward almost, while her lower body seems to swivel as if, with each step, she were crushing out cigarette butts with the balls of her feet. She climbs the steps of the Brazos two at a time.

Her second-floor apartment is bright and spacious with whitewashed walls and tall windows that fill the living room with sunlight. Everything in the apartment, including the kitchen appliances, looks newly purchased, not yet broken in, the furniture of someone used to renting furnished rooms and for whom these new purchases are the first conscious attempts at permanence. And yet, even after three months the apartment is so sparse, without the untidy minutiae of daily living, that one suspects that this attempt at permanence is unnatural to its inhabitant, a halting, half-step forward while the back leg is tensed for flight. In the kitchen the new dishwasher is not hooked up yet; in the bedroom the clothes closet is merely a large, upright suitcase that can, at a moment's notice, be folded up, snapped shut and carted off; in the small room off the living room there is the clutter of not-yet-sorted-out odds and ends—a new chrome exercise machine, powder blue weights, cartons of paperback books (astrology, short stories, volleyball techniques), an ironing board, and, in one corner, a gray filing cabinet. Nearly everything in the cabinet (newspaper clippings, magazine articles, outlines, notes, etc.) pertains to one of four topics—volleyball, women, women in sport and sport in general.

Seated Indian-style on the floor in front of her fireplace, Mary Jo Peppler fingers the dried, crumbling leaves of her plants and says, "Where am I from? No-

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIKO LEFER







*In games like this one in which the Sol meets the Stars of Los Angeles, Player-Coach Popular sets up the ball.*

where, really. My father was a traveling pharmaceutical-supplies salesman, so we never lived more than three years in any one place. I was born in Illinois, but lived in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Texas and California before I was 10 years old. I spent most of my teen-age years in the San Fernando Valley and in Long Beach.

"Anywhere I went, though, I was inclined to get into sports. It's always been a part of my life. I played with the boys. I was the quarterback on a neighborhood football team—until about the sixth grade when my parents told me I shouldn't. Sports in school weren't very competitive for girls, just what they called 'play days.' We'd play different sports without even keeping score. Sports for girls were just a way to get exercise. Anyway, by the time I got to high school

it was obvious I had talent in athletics. But nobody directed me. If I had been smart, I would have gone into a sport like tennis. Volleyball was more a group sport with us. All the guys and girls would pile into an old car and go to the park and play volleyball together. It was a social thing. We never played much at the beach, though. That kind of volleyball has a different connotation from the kind we played.

"By my senior year I was good enough to play for the Long Beach Shamrocks, the women's national champions. I played all of 1962 with them, but when they went to the nationals they took older players. I felt I was as good as the girls they took, so I quit and joined the second-best team around, the L.A. Spartans. Two years later I helped form the Los

Angeles Renegades, and we won the AAU National title.

"I left home at 18. My parents were moving to San Francisco, and I wouldn't go. I told them there was no way I'd make the Olympic team if I moved. There was an argument, and we didn't talk for five or six years. When my parents left I took jobs like selling encyclopedias door to door. I sold candy for a while, and then I worked in a department store. I never regretted leaving home. I always felt like I could make my own decisions. I've always felt mature, independent and smart enough to run myself.

"When I graduated from high school I went to Los Angeles State as a psychology major. My parents gave me some values that were sound. There are traits all my brothers and sisters have. We're

*continued*

Four King 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

# The proud smoke.

L&M



RICH MELLOW DISTINCTIVELY SMOOTH

# L&M

FILTER KINGS

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

## Peppler continued

independent and confident. We were expected to finish college, and we did. It took me nine years, though. I was playing volleyball for nothing and supporting myself, so whenever I got into a crunch and had to give up something, it was always school. But it never occurred to me not to finish.

"I guess I was about 20 when I met Bela Farkas, a Hungarian track coach. He said he thought I could be a great pentathlon athlete and so he began grooming me in shot-putting, javelin throwing, hurdling. That year I finished seventh in the nation in the javelin and fourth in the shot. I competed only because the United States hadn't qualified for volleyball in the Olympics to be held in Tokyo. But when Brazil dropped out of the '64 Games and the U.S. was picked as a replacement, I gave up the pentathlon. I think I would have made a good pentathlon person, too, if I'd kept at it. But who wants to be a shot-putter? You just push the thing out there. It's not too exciting. Now volleyball is stimulating, in a child's state of development in this country. There are things I can do with it, new systems and possibilities that are exciting.

"I made the '64 volleyball team that went to the Olympics but it was a disaster. As a last-second replacement, we had only three weeks of practice. Our coach was an old timer who'd been given the job just because it was his turn. All he would ever say to us was, 'Bend your knees, Honey!' Volleyball is an American sport, it originated here, but it's been dominated by foreign teams who take it more seriously. They've helped change the rules to their advantage, to make best use of their particular styles of play, especially the Japanese.

"Well, we finished fifth of six teams, but I wasn't impressed with the athletes at the Olympics. They didn't seem very athletic. The Japanese, for example, could jump and dive, but they couldn't run. I don't think there was an athlete there who had anything more than I did, except better training. In general, Americans are better natural athletes. We just aren't developed enough. In 1968 I quit the Olympic team for the same reason. The coach had no game plans or strategy, and I saw no reason to be humiliated in international competition while the whole world was watching.

"After that, I didn't play volleyball for a while. But a friend of mine, Marilyn McReavy, and I went to Sul Ross State University in Alpine, Texas. It was kind of an escape from volleyball. I took courses in photography, lapidary, upholstery, Egyptian philosophy—a wide variety of things I liked. Eventually, I majored in both physics and sociology and minored in industrial arts. I supported myself as a secretary and as a saleswoman in a department store and I had no intention of returning to volleyball. However, word got around that Marilyn and I, both Olympic volleyball players, were at Sul Ross, so we were asked to stage an exhibition. The people in town and on campus had never seen top-notch volleyball. Many had never even seen a pick-up game. A gym full of fans showed up to watch us play some big ol' football players and cowboys. The cowboys came out with their hats on. We killed them. We bounced bulls off their heads. The fans loved it.

"One month later we had organized a team of Sul Ross girls to go to the national tournament. The girls were so inexperienced that we only had time to teach them elemental moves. We finished eighth. The following year we won the National Collegiate championship. By 1972 we had formed the E Pluribus Unum team in Houston and won the national title.

"EPU won the nationals again in '73, and the Olympic program was transferred to us in Houston. However, the USVBA forced Marilyn and me, the coaches, to take on a new head coach, a man. We became his assistants. The USVBA put pressure on this new coach to take control of the girls from us. The following July we went on what was supposed to be a training tour to Japan, but everything fell apart. We finished with a 1-24 record against the Japanese teams. Marilyn and I lost complete control of the girls. Their personal and playing standards deteriorated and the new coach couldn't control them. When we returned from Japan the USVBA fired him and gave our team to Charles Zerbe. It was then that I left amateur volleyball for good.

"The most bitter disappointment in my life was signing that professional contract. I had devoted my life to the dream of winning a gold medal. I'd left my family because of that. And over all those

*continued*

# You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



## Gilbey's Vodka

# New Ford Pinto **MPG** 34mpg. \$2,769.\*

A high mileage rating at a lower sticker price than Beetle,  
Toyota Corona, Datsun 710 (and a whole lot of other foreign cars).



U.S. Government EPA dynamometer test. 34mpg highway, 23mpg city.

\* Base sticker price excluding title, taxes, destination, dealer prep and optional WSW tires (\$30).



Pinto MPG 2-Door Hatchback



Pinto MPG Wagon with Square Options

**And you don't have to buy extra cost options for Pinto's higher mileage like you do with Vega. Did you know that?**

America's best-selling sub-compact economy car line now has three new models that give you the advantage of improved EPA mileage. 34 miles per gallon highway, 23 city with its standard 4-speed shift. 30 mpg highway, 21 city with automatic transmission.

You can buy the new Pinto MPG now—at no increase in sticker price—and get the same standard equipment that makes the regular Pinto so popular: rack and pinion

steering, 4-speed floor-mounted stick, overhead cam 2.3 liter engine with solid state ignition, front disc brakes and more. And Pinto MPG comes with the same number of Lifeguard Design Safety Features found in our full-size Fords including side door beams, protective bumpers and others.

**Ford means value. And prices may never be lower. See your local Ford Dealer.**

## FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



### Pinto MPG mileage rating

	Highway	City
4-Speed	34	23
Automatic	30	21
EPA weighted average	32	22

**That average is better than Toyota Corona, Opel 1900, Mazda 626, Fiat 128, Volvo 242, Monza and many others. Based on competitors' averages in the EPA Buyer's Guide. Your mileage may vary with how you drive.**

**Pinto 2-Door Sedan, \$2,769: That's better than VW Beetle by \$124, Toyota Corona by \$904, Datsun 710 by \$694, VW Rabbit by \$555, Audi Fox by \$2,075, Opel 1900 by \$870 and Monza Turbine Coupe by \$795.**

Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination charges vary extra on all cars, and dealer prep is extra on all cars except GM cars and Texaco, the price difference may vary in some areas.

years I had never really been given a chance. I'd been brainwashing the girls into believing an Olympic gold medal was worth aiming for. We trained six hours a day in an empty gym.

"On the night I resigned, the girls went to dinner at a pizza restaurant. I got there late. The girls were drinking. They would never have had a drink in front of me before, not even beer. It upset me. I realized that they had been following me only for the medal and not because volleyball was a way of life. That's what I'd been trying to instill in them. It wasn't just the medal, or volleyball, or even sport. It was a whole way of life. I deliberately ordered a glass of milk. They put down their drinks, and before long everyone had ordered either soda or milk. I had made a commitment to those girls, not by anything I said but by my actions and my lifestyle. That was why it was such a hard thing to tell them I was becoming a professional. I'm glad I did it now. There are so many things wrong with amateur athletics in this country. It's absurd to be an amateur. There are so few rewards. Even a gold medal, what does it really mean? It has no lasting value. Sometimes I'm not sure if there's anything good about being idealistically dedicated to amateur sports. It's self-defeating to be an amateur athlete today, and that's basically what most women athletes are—amateurs."

**U**nder a hot desert sun that warmed and softened the paved basketball court, Mary Jo Peppler, dribbling with her left hand, backed to toward the basket. She moved left-right-left-right like Earl Monroe. Her opponent pressed his hand against her buttocks (and was momentarily discomfited by unexpected malleability) in that classic NBA defense designed to impede progress. She backed in closer. He bumped her with his chest. She pushed backward. He restrained an urge to shove her with both hands and, instead, spread his legs and planted his feet firmly. She leaned backward. He pressed his chest against her back where, suddenly, he smelled lilacs, was disoriented, grew slack, and she spun around him for an easy layup.

He had met her at her apartment that Sunday morning. She'd handed him a 10-

speed racing bike, picked up her own bike with one hand (in the other she held a basketball) and carried it down the flight of stairs to the street. He tripped on the top step, tumbled down the stairs and landed in a tangle of spokes and handlebars at her feet. She looked down at him and did not laugh. "Are you all right?" He smiled and nodded. She tucked the basketball under her sweat shirt, looking immediately pregnant, and pedaled off. Within seconds she had outdistanced him through the deserted El Paso streets. Hunched forward over the handlebars, she pedaled rhythmically, her long legs pumping without effort, it seemed, flesh-colored pistons glistening in the sunlight. He struggled and sweated, but still the distance between them grew rapidly.

She passed a Spanish-style church just as Mass was letting out. Startled parishioners, most of them Mexican-Americans, stared after the apparently pregnant woman in shorts who was pedaling so single-mindedly down the street. He remembered she had won the bicycling event in the Supersstars preliminaries in Houston and placed well in the event in the finals in Rotonda.

The score was tied now, and the next basket would win. They had been playing under the hot sun for almost an hour. She was not even breathing heavily, while he was exhausted. Always the athlete, she was in shape in a way he'd never been. Her body had not been honed for any one particular skill—shooting a basketball or throwing a baseball—but was simply in a generally fine state. It was a state she'd acquired naturally over the years through daily routines of weight lifting, calisthenics, jogging and bicycling, which she performed not for any particular competition, but for the mental and physical exhilaration she experienced when exercising.

"I listen to my body," she had said. "I don't train my body to do anything that's not good for it. I don't drink coffee. I don't smoke. I don't like the taste of liquor so I don't drink it. But I'm not a health-food nut, either. I'm just conscious about eating things that are good for me. I think when something goes wrong with your body it's because you have a negative attitude toward it and it manifests itself in some sickness. When I was 19 my dentist told me I had a cavity. I told him it was impossible. He

showed me the X ray. I went home and for a few weeks was very conscious of what I ate. When I went back to the dentist the cavity had disappeared."

He had never been in such shape in his life. For him, sports had always been merely a collection of skills to be mastered for some competition. He had retained over the years an ability to shoot accurate long jump shots, a skill he used every so often to win one-on-one competitions with younger men. Once the game was over, once victory was his, he derived little satisfaction from it. In fact, he was often mentally and physically drained, as he was now.

Still, he had controlled himself at first. He played delicately enough, giving her plenty of room to maneuver, careful where he touched and reached, taking long, easy jump shots that required no close contact. To his surprise, she played the kind of rough, physical game that he'd always delighted in. Unconsciously, she fouled blatantly, showing him with both hands whenever he drove toward the basket. At one point, as the ball bounced off the rim and he was ready to leap for it, he felt two knees in the small of his back. He lurched forward and tumbled onto the grass while, behind him, she tipped in her own shot.

They lost themselves in the rough, physical exertion. He forgot that she was a woman. She was simply his opponent, whom he had to beat. He tried to cheat on the score, but she caught him. Soaked with perspiration, he took off his shirt. "Trying to turn me on?" she said, breaking his concentration just enough so that she could score successive baskets.

She was an untutored basketball player. She did not dribble or shoot very well and so was at a disadvantage against him in a one-on-one competition. But she moved beautifully. She ran gracefully, her toes pointed toward the ground like someone leaping from rock to rock across a stream. She would have been more at home as a basketball player with teammates who could feed her the ball as she rolled toward the hoop, catching it on outstretched fingertips while simultaneously gliding upward, rising in one easy motion, and laying it in. Working by herself, however, she had difficulty in maneuvering with the ball, and so the score had remained close until now it was tied and the next basket would win.

*continued*

He wondered, should he win? What pale satisfactions would he derive from beating a Superstar? A woman? Dribbling toward the basket he pondered worth and price and myriad other possibilities while his opponent pushed and shoved him back, shoved him so forcefully, in fact, that he momentarily forgot his conscious self, faked and jumped. *Good!* He experienced, as always, that sensual flash that comes with victory. But it faded quickly and was gone, replaced by the exhausting realization that he had merely warded off defeat for the time being. He collapsed in the grass, gasping for breath.

She broke into a broad smile. "That was fantastic!" she said. "I'd almost forgot how much fun basketball is. It's a lot like volleyball, only some of the movements are different. They're so pretty!" For the first time she began to talk with animation. "I'm intrigued by movement," she said. "I'm nearsighted, so when I think of certain people I don't see images, I see them only in the way they move. As a volleyball coach I never see plays as a series of X's and O's, but as a sense of flow. Movement rather than words should be the primary communicator in any sport. A lot of times I like to go to the gym alone and just practice the different movements. I dive after an imaginary ball and leap in the air. When I execute properly, I get a great satisfaction that's independent even of winning or losing. I guess this stems from all those years in volleyball when I was trying to win an Olympic gold medal. Perfection became a goal. I think that's true of the majority of women athletes. For so long we've been deprived of goals men are accustomed to achieving—money, recognition, for instance, when I ran the quarter-mile at the Superstars competition, I finished fifth, but it was the fastest time I'd ever run in my life. It was my best performance, so it was one of my most satisfying moments. More satisfying even than winning the Superstars, because there were a number of sports in the competition that I didn't feel were a true test of an athlete.

"Men compete differently. They're aggressive. Their satisfaction comes from dominating their opponent rather than striving toward perfection. Basically, that's self-defeating, because if they lose

they've got nothing from sport, and even if they win they've destroyed part of their own identities. At the Superstars we were all coaching one another even if that might help someone beat us. A man wouldn't dare help a rival who might beat him.

"I think women should continue to be coached toward perfection rather than one-upmanship. Acting overtly—aggressively—is supposed to be what sport is all about. At least that's what men have told us. Sport has been a male domain for so long that it's the men who have defined the proper way one should compete. The problem for women athletes is that we've accepted these definitions and tried to copy them. But since it's not consistent with our natures the best we can become is just a poor copy of aggressive male models. What women need to do is redefine sport in feminine terms, terms more consistent with our nature and yet bring out our best in sport. Women aren't very good at men's type of competition [one-upmanship] but we are unbelievably persevering—the endurance of women is phenomenal—and very competitive within ourselves. For instance, when I get dressed up to go out I have to look the best I can. My best! But I don't ever feel I'm in competition with another woman I might be with. Trying to show up another woman is a kind of male-oriented competition.

"All women in sport have certain masculine traits, they walk like men, or something. Chrissie Evert is an exception, but I think it's something she works hard at. You know, trying to be ultra-feminine as a defense mechanism. Anyway, when this crisis develops in women they have to make a choice. Either sport suffers or their femininity suffers.

"Supposedly, sport makes a man of a boy. But can sport make a woman of a girl? Usually, the opposite is true. It makes something masculine of a woman. But it shouldn't. Women should be able to compete in such a way that it complements their nature rather than compromises it. We have things we can receive from sport and give to it that are different from what men offer and receive. Finesse and a striving for perfection as opposed to strength and aggressiveness. Women's volleyball, for example, is much more exciting than men's

because it has so much more finesse. Still, it's exciting to watch power, too. There should be a place for both.

"I don't know how I evolved, really. I've been trying to analyze what forces motivate me. It's not money. After my Superstars victory I could have renegotiated my Sol contract but I didn't. What's the difference between another \$50,000 or \$100,000 when you already have enough to live comfortably? The rest is frosting. I'm not motivated by recognition either. Fame turns me off. I've learned that it means less privacy. I don't need someone to tell me how wonderful I am. If I didn't feel I was wonderful 10 years ago I wouldn't have been playing in empty gyms for six hours a day. I've established my ego strokes somewhere along the way and I'm secure now. The way I feel, winning the Superstars was anticlimactic to everything I've done over the years."

Wearing slacks and a man's double-breasted trench coat, Mary Jo Peppler walks through Dallas-Fort Worth Airport on the way to a flight board for New York. She is scheduled for a round of luncheons, dinners, promotions, business meetings and television appearances, all rewards of her Superstars victory. It is a prospect she is not looking forward to. She does not like to leave El Paso and her newfound permanence. Already she is worried about New York taxis and the proper amount one should tip cabbies.

As she walks by some people stop and stare while others just glance curiously as they hurry toward their flights. Some recognize her immediately and break into a broad smile, while to others she is someone they should know but can't quite place. Still others merely look after her because she is such a stately woman.

In El Paso, Peppler was instantly recognized. People shouted to her on the street, "Hey, Superstar!" and she smiled and waved back. In restaurants, young children, usually girls between the ages of nine and 12, walked over to her table, hesitated a moment, their heads lowered demurely, and then thrust a piece of paper and a pen at her. Unused to such adulation, she merely signed the paper without comment. The young girls remained there, waiting for a benediction, a blessing, anything, while around the room the

expectant eyes of every diner on them. Finally, she would smile at the girl and ask a question, "Do you like sports?" or "How old are you?" or "What school do you go to?" all of which would be delivered in an abrupt, clipped tone, without a hint of interest or warmth. Unlike athletes more accustomed to fame and its demands, she had not mastered that deceptive art of feigned interest, probably never will.

It is five o'clock in the afternoon on a cold, blustery spring day in New York. Outside the Regency Hotel on Park Avenue a group of chauffeurs mill about on the sidewalk. They are identically dressed in black. They smoke cigarettes, blow warmth into their cold hands, make small talk with the uniformed doorman, or merely lounge against the fenders of their limousines and stare, aimlessly, through the three gold fleur-de-lis painted on the plate-glass window of the Regency bar. Inside, their employers are having a late-afternoon cocktail.

The bar is packed with well-dressed, manicured New Yorkers, mostly middle-aged men in dark, pinstriped suits, and much younger women in silky, knee-length frocks. Standing at the crowded bar, two young women are talking to a pencil-thin black man in a tight-fitting suit. The women are posed on either side of him like identical bookends, one hand supporting an elbow, and in the other upraised hand a long cigarette. As they talk they alternately blow smoke toward the ceiling and glance distractedly over the black man's shoulders. Seated at one of the white-leather booths against the wall is a white-haired man in his 60s. He has draped an arm over the bare shoulders of the young woman seated on either side of him. At one of the small cocktail tables in the middle of the room, another middle-aged man is talking intimately across the table to a woman wearing liquid black eye liner that makes her eyes look like those of a raccoon. She bears a striking resemblance to Jacqueline Suwann. They are holding hands across the table. They both rise imperceptibly from their seats, lean closer and kiss over the table.

At the table beside them, Mary Jo Peppier, still wearing her trench coat, sips from a glass of beer and says, "Trying to turn us on, I guess." She lowers her

head for a moment, then lifts it and says, "I have no emotional attachments. I've never been tempted to be married. Oh, you run into someone you can talk to once in a while, but then you never see them again or else you do and after knowing them, they let you down. I've given up hope of ever finding someone."

"You get married, and there are all those social patterns to follow. You belong to someone. I don't know. I'm too independent. Most emotional attachments are so dependent. 'Oh, I'm so hurt you didn't call!' That type of thing. I don't want someone being dependent on me either. I'm a very giving person, but I don't like to get things back. Then I feel obligated to people. When I was a child I always used to do things for my mother, the dishes and stuff, because I could see how it pleased her. It's kind of a hang-up in my life. I'm very good at recognizing what makes people happy and I try to give it to them. But there's a point with pleasing people when you make them dependent on you. It becomes a vicious cycle. The girls on the volleyball team, for instance. They drained me. I helped a lot of them in regard to their femininity, but there came a point when, unless they had my approval, they couldn't go on. I think it's wrong to let people be dependent on you. They have to do it alone. But once you get into those relationships it's very hard to train people out of them. That's why I don't think I'll ever have any emotional attachments. You just never find people who don't want to be dependent on you or have you dependent on them."

**A**fter four days of New York luncheons, dinners, plays, promotions, photographing sessions, business meetings and a television appearance on the *A.M. America* show, Mary Jo Peppier leaves the city for a visit to the Connecticut suburbs. She arrives late in the evening. The children—three girls, two boys—had waited up expectantly for her arrival, but have long since succumbed to sleep. Only the journalist and his wife are still awake. She looks different. She is wearing a fur coat. Her hair has been styled and her face heavily made up. "For a cover photograph for the *Ladies' Home Journal*," she says. "The photographer said he had

to redo me. I wasn't right. I should lose some weight, too. That's just what I need. Become a 118-pound model. I wouldn't be able to lift a volleyball."

When Mary Jo wakes the following morning she washes off her make-up and appears for breakfast wearing a T shirt, jeans and nothing on her feet. The children trot out one by one to meet her. She smiles at each, says hello, what's your name and that is all. She also meets the journalist's mother-in-law, who is helping prepare the Saturday-morning breakfast. Mary Jo has only a roll and a glass of milk, and then asks her host if he would mind if she worked out with his weights. "Of course not," he says. "I'll lighten them for you."

She picks up a dumbbell weighing 20 pounds, hefts it in her hand and says, "That's O.K. I think I can work with these." She begins doing bicep curls by the window, which looks out on a backyard littered with a rusted swing set, a red tricycle and a broken sandbox.

In the kitchen, three generations of women go about their Saturday morning. The grandmother, in her late 50s, begins to clean off the table. She whispers to her daughter, "So pretty! Is she married?" The wife, in her 30s, shakes her head no. She is measuring out medicine onto a plastic spoon and trying to force it down the throat of her 4-year-old son. The third generation, an eldest daughter of 12, is pacing around the kitchen waiting anxiously for Mary Jo to finish with the weights so she can talk to her. She, too, is an athlete, strong willed, and, of all the children, had most anticipated Mary Jo's arrival. She is 5'7" and in her town she will be the first girl to make the major league division of the Little League. She fidgets and waits. Finally, she can restrain herself no longer. She peeks around the refrigerator into the dining room. Mary Jo is lying on the floor doing sit-ups with a weight grasped behind her head. Sweating, she struggles upward, simultaneously exhaling and blowing wisps of hair off her forehead. The daughter stares in fascination. The grandmother continues washing the dishes. The mother tightens the cap on the medicine bottle. Mary Jo struggles upward for another sit-up. The daughter continues to stare at her, is transfixed, hypnotized by the sudden unfolding of such infinite possibilities. **END**

One thing you can say about the seasons of sport...



...they never run out.

To make sure you don't miss a single punt, pass, pitch, putt, save, sprint or schuss — sign on with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** every week. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** offers you a reserved seat for the best of baseball, football, hockey, basketball...the whole exciting world of sport. Whatever the game, whatever the season, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** helps you enjoy and appreciate it more. So use the attached card — and enter your subscription today. If someone's beaten you to the card, write to

**Sports Illustrated**

Time-Life Building, Chicago,  
Illinois 60611. Or call our toll-free  
number: 800-621-8200 (in  
Illinois, call 800-972-8302).





# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 21-27

**SOARING**—**BIDIN**, a 43-foot plane skippered by Tim Van Gernert and owned by Ted Hood, won the Trans-Atlantic race from Newport, with a corrected time of 14 days, 21 hr 46. The 74-foot yacht *Akula* was the first to finish, reaching Portsmouth, England last week.

**CVOLING**—**JOHN EDWARD** of Houston won the 12-hour senior men's division in 5:05.27 at the National Bicycle Championships. A Middle-aged, **LINDA STEIN** of Passaic, N.J. took the 35-mile women's race in 1:13:29.43.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—**WFL**, the league's second season opened in San Antonio with the Wings slugging the Charlier Hearty 27-10 before a crowd of 22,448. Running back 941 ledger led San Antonio, scoring four times from the line. Four of the Hornets' seven turnovers resulted in all the Wings' scores.

**GOLF**—**TOM WEISBUDF** won the Canadian Open and \$40,000 in his Buick, Quebec on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Jack Nicklaus. The putt was laid at six-under-par 274 at the end of regulation play.

**CAROL MANN** shot a final-round one-under-par 73 for a 12-under-par 266 total to beat Steve Melander by four strokes in the \$40,000 Greater Washington Classic in Hanover, Pa. Mann collected \$3,700 for the victory.

**HARBOR RACING**—**SLK STOCKINGS** (\$3,801, down by Piusas Berta 30, set a world record for 485 and more with a 1:57.6, clocking over the half-mile Monrovia racetrack. Shirley's Beau was three lengths back in the \$20,521 OTB Classic, the richest purebred event (June 14).

**HERO ALMAHURST** (\$1,600, Big Water driving, won the 2001.550 Louisiana Trot by a head out Way To Relax at Riverchase Racetrack in New York. The streak winner covered the 1 1/4 miles in 2:11.

**HORSE RACING**—**DEARLY FREEDOM** (\$4,291, Mike Hole riding, won the \$100,250 Saturday Stakes for 3-year-old fillies by 2 1/4 lengths over Dynamic Gal at Monmouth Park in Oceanport, N.J. Her time for the six furlongs was 1:10 1/2.

English and Irish Derby winner **GRUNDY**, ridden by Pat Eddery, hung on for a half-length victory over Buzanin in the Royal George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes at Ascot, Grundy, who earned \$176,106 for his win, became the all-time-high money-winner for a British-trained horse and was named in 2:26.38 for the 1 1/4 miles, more than two seconds under the last three records set last year.

**LACROSSE**—**NLL**, Last-place Boston peaked up and

meeted past intense-leading Long Island 21-12 and second-place Montreal 18-7. Juan Thompson of the Bolts did most of the damage, scoring six goals and assisting on five others. Maryland's C.J. Coombs, who a week earlier was fired as coach, called five goals in two losing games. Philadelphia split two games with Montreal and Long Island, losing each as head by splitting four games.

**BOSCON**—**NASL**, The once mighty St. Louis Stars were losing more than they won and their onetime helper over the rest of the division (31 points) was more of a bump as Chicago took an 8th straight win over within 12 points of the Stars. Tampa Bay clinched at least a tie for the Eastern title by beating Washington 1-1 and ending second-place Miami 5-1. Derek Searns of the Rockets tied a league record by scoring in six consecutive games. Baltimore, with General Manager Al Collins acting as coach, won three games to move out of the Eastern cellar. Thanks to Post Wolt's two goals, Western leader Portland defeated second-place Seattle 2-1. The first 27,310 in Portland, the league's largest fan-fest gathering, Los Angeles managed to win a second consecutive as Uri Borchert got his third hat trick of the season in a 5-0 defeat at Hartford, which had trailed an 11-game losing streak against San Jose. The eagle before Vancouver topped into the Northern lead with victory over Vancouver and second-place Toronto. Desperate for a playoff berth, the New York Cosmos beat San Jose 2-1 on a tie-breaker and purchased high-scoring Tommy Doi from Rochester, but still had to win all four of their remaining games to stay in the race for a wild-card spot.

**ASL**, Mohammed (Baby Jet) Amin, the league's scoring leader, tied his 11th goal of the season for Rhode Island as the Crusaders slipped by Pittsburgh. It was the Miners' third straight 0-goal. The Crusaders continued to lead the Northern Division by five points over Connecticut, which had its game with Eastern leader New York suspended when injury of the 2,300 Hartford fans swarmed over the field after a controversial Amosco goal. Connecticut and Cleveland were tied for first in the Midwestern Division, beat Connecticut 3-0 when Derli Burgie picked off an error pass and converted a 30-yard goal.

**SWIMMING**—The East German women's team set four world records, but Americans continued to dominate the men's events at the U.S. Olympic Trials. The second World Aquatics Championships in Cali, Colombia (July 4).

**TRAIL & FIELD**—**NENAD STEKIC** of Yugoslavia broke a jump of 27' 8 1/2", the second-longest jump ever, at the International Athletics Competition in Montreal. (The world record of 29' 2 1/2" was set by Bob

Beamon at the Mexico City Olympics.) American **KATHY McMEILAN** captured the women's long jump with a 21' 4 1/2" effort. **KATHY SCHMIDT** won another American women's event, with a 200' 4" javelin toss.

**REGGIE JONES** of Spokane, Wash. joined a long list of world record holders for the 100-meter dash (9.9) in a meet at Boston University.

**GUY DRUIT** of France tied Rod Manteau's 115-meter hurdles world record of 1:31 at an international meet in St. Maat, France.

**VOLLEYBALL**—San Diego won its season-long hold on first place only to an end as the Los Angeles Seals topped the Breakers 13-11, 12-12, 12-8 to tie for the lead. Stars Player-coach Don Stueley landed 12 kills, and Assistant Coach Parker had 16 assists. Earlier in the week both teams defeated 11 Penn-Jersey, coached by Mary Jo Popple (page 67).

**BASEBALL**—**TREED**, Kansas City Royal Manager JACK McKEON, 44, with a deal involving his two-year contract. **WHITNEY HERZOG**, third-base coach of the California Angels, was named to succeed McKeon.

**FIRE**, Texas Ranger Manager **BILLY MARTIN**, 47, with one year left on his three-year contract. Last year Martin led the Rangers to a second-place division finish behind Oakland, but this season the club had fallen to third, 15 1/2 games behind the A's, who had Ranger Third-Base Coach **FRANK LUCHEINI** was named to succeed Martin for the remainder of the year.

**HIRSH** and **GIBBARD**, formerly head coach of the Chicago Bears, to the same position with the NFL's Chicago Bears.

**RESIGNED**—**RON WALLER**, 42, coach of the NFL Philadelphia Bell, citing a "mental exhaustion" after being informed that the team's first training game drew a paid attendance of 27,214. Last year Waller guided the Bell to a 9-11 record.

**DAED**, **EMLEN TUNNEL**, 50, seven-time All-Pro who set 16 New York Giants and four NFL records as a safety for the Giants (1946-50) and Cincy Bear Packers (1950-61), of an apparent heart attack in Pleasantville, N.Y. The first black named to the Pro Football Hall of Fame, Tunnel was the Giants' assistant director of player personnel.

**DAED**, **EDWARD W. HAHAN**, 42, who Jim Thorpe called the greatest football player he had ever seen, in Natick, Mass. Hahan was a three-time All-American running halfback in a period (1913-15) during which the Crimson lost only once.

## CREDITS

22-23—Ken Regan Comics 2-39—Last Sports 42—AP 59—Hortonsville Advertiser 11.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**MATTHEW RUDE**, 30, has 35 goals in 12 games for the Northbrook (Ill.) Rangers, to take the scoring title in the Young Sportsmen's Soccer League for 9- and 10-year-olds. Matthew, who has played soccer two years, boosted all but lost of the Rangers' goals.



**BILLY OLDSME**, 30, the oldest runner ever to compete for Rochester (N.Y.) Institute of Technology, was undefeated in dual meets as the Tigers extended their undefeated dual-meet string to 69, had personal bests of 9.7 in the 100 and 21.6 in the 220.



**RANYO BARENARA**, 49, of Kahuku, Oahu, kept the USGA Amateur Public Links Golf title in the family with a sudden-death playoff win on the first hole at Waialua Municipal Course on Kauai. His brother Charles won the crown last year when he was 20.



**DALE McNAMARA**, 39, of Tulsa, won an unprecedented seventh Oklahoma Women's State Amateur golf title. Coach of the University of Tulsa's women's golf team, McNamara previously won the championship in 1956, '57, '59, '68, '69 and '72.



**KIM POWELL**, 15, of Pendleton, Ore., struck out 17 of the 19 batters she faced, and assisted on the 18th out, in a winning Ponytail Softball League game. She missed a perfect game because of an infield error. It was the first no-hit in the league's five-year history.



**MARK GREGORY**, a 12-year-old shortstop for the Wormleysburg (Pa.) A's, hit five out-of-the-park home runs in one Major League game. Mark batted .750 with 36 RBIs and 159 runs scored and led his A's to an 18-3 record and the West Shore National League title.

## THE STRAIGHT PITCH

Sir:

Just before your article appeared on Seaver and Palmer (*Kings of the Hill*, July 21), a friend asked me to name the top pitchers in each league. I picked the same two that Ron Fimrite chose. However, because a part of greatness is consistency, I wonder if either will end their careers with 300 victories. Palmer needs 158 more, or an average of 20 wins for the next 7.9 seasons. Tom Terrific needs only 140 more, or an average of seven 20-victory years. By then both would be 37 years old. Possible injury, improved hitting and more reliance on relief pitching compound the difficulty of their reaching 300.

BRUCE SALTER

Miami Lakes, Fla.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite states that Tom Seaver "shares the major league single-game strike-out record of 19." Seaver does indeed share the awe-inspiring record for strikeouts with Steve Carlton and Nolan Ryan, but Tom Cheney, formerly of the Washington Senators, holds the single-game record of 21, which he accomplished in 16 innings against the Baltimore Orioles in 1962.

CHARLES CARB III

Spring Lake, N.J.

## THE BAY AREA

Sir:

A *Gift of Place* (July 21) is a positive story in a time of negatives. The Chesapeake Bay is a great example of life everywhere. The next time I'm fishing here in Kentucky or crossing the Ohio River, there will be a totally different picture in my mind, thanks to Robert H. Boyle and Mark Kram.

CLAY B. MORRIS JR.

Louisville

Sir:

The article should be required reading for the Army Corps of Engineers.

EARL W. SCHULTZ

New York

Sir:

You say that the Chesapeake is the richest body of water in the world, but its 125 pounds of seafood per acre per year hardly compares with the figure for Kachemak Bay in Alaska. Kachemak Bay provides nearly 200 pounds per acre per year of shrimp and crab alone, not to mention vast catches of salmon, herring and halibut and the world's richest clamming areas. And the full fishery

potential of this bay is hardly being realized, with sole, pollack, flounder, octopus, rockfish and scallops also in abundance. Compared with the Kachemak, the Chesapeake is merely a site for possible reclamation.

DAVID DEINOCENTIS

W. Somerville, Mass.

Sir:

The Chesapeake watershed does not drain all of the state of Maryland. The waters of the Youghiogheny River in western Maryland eventually flow into the Gulf of Mexico (through the Monongahela, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers) rather than into Chesapeake Bay.

LONNIE A. MCCULLOUGH

Philadelphia

## THE FATAL STEP

Sir:

I was horrified when Ruffian broke down and shocked when she was destroyed. Newspaper articles and television reports left many questions unanswered. William Johnson's *Could She Have Been Saved?* (July 21) answered them. I feel better after reading it. The doctors should be commended for a fine effort to save a great horse.

MARTIN KREIS

Dallas

Sir:

Could she have been saved? As far as I'm concerned, the question was answered in the Clinic. No.

I rode thoroughbreds for several years. I knew Dr. Alex Harthill, and have seen him doctor many horses. When I was apprenticed to the Doug Davis Jr. Stable we would have 40 to 60 heads of horses, and if Dr. Harthill was on the grounds, he was our vet. Doc was gentle with horses, and if he thought a sore horse needed to be sent back to the farm for rest, that's what he would say—which was not what most owners wanted to hear.

I think Dr. Harthill is one of the best thoroughbred veterinarians in the country.

GARY WALLACE

Wapakoneta, Ohio

## WHEELING

Sir:

Bil Gilbert's *Caravan Into the Cornbelt* (July 21) is one of the most stirring pieces I have read in a long time. He has managed to convey the completeness that human experience can sometimes reach, the joy that comes from simple things and the realization of how nice people really are. I have never

been to Iowa or anywhere in the Midwest, and never thought I wanted to go. Thank you for opening my eyes.

JOHN W. MCCORMICK

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Since leaving Iowa, after living there for 24 years, I have become tired of hearing bad Iowa jokes. Thanks to Bil Gilbert for giving Iowa some of its due.

ALICE DOYLE

Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

Gilbert put a lot of intangible feelings into print. This native Iowan almost cried.

W. M. BLACK

Urbana, Ill.

Sir:

It's nice to find that somebody knows the difference between Iowa and Idaho and Iowa and Ohio. But please, no more writing about the wonders of Iowa. After all, we don't want all those New Yorkers and Californians moving out here and ruining it for us natives.

PATRICK KACHARYNSKI TWAIT

La Porte City, Iowa

Sir:

On the third day of SAGBRAI, while waiting for my brother to catch up, I started talking to the postmistress of the small town I was in. As we talked, I mentioned, without disclosing any names, that my brother would be teaching school there in the fall. She said, "Oh, I've been holding some of his mail for him; tell him to stop in and pick it up when he gets here." That's the kind of trap it was.

JOHN PUYZER

Iowa City, Iowa

## ARTHUR VS. JUMBO

Sir:

Ashe is undoubtedly a great champion (*Catching Connors in the Strick*, July 21). Connors may have been misled by his manager, but Ashe beat him fair and square, and I hope the next time he plays him he beats him even worse. Ashe is one of the best tennis players of our time, and no matter whom he plays, I'd put my money on him.

JAY HARRIS

Lumberton, N.C.

Sir:

I have never been a fan of Jimmy Connors, but after reading Arthur Ashe's article

continued

# Did you hear what the tracks said to the trains outside Hamburg?

Between Hamburg and Bremen in Germany, there's a stretch of track like nowhere else in the world. These tracks talk to the trains.

And the trains talk back.

Their dialogue may not exactly be Noel Coward—but it's the heart of an ingenious new control system we developed for the German railways. It's being tested right now.

This computer-based system can monitor a train as it speeds along the test track, continuously reporting where it is. And how fast it's going.

If there's another train up ahead—going in the same direction, on the same track—the track tells the train behind to slow down. Or even tells it to stop. Automatically.

This means trains could be run more frequently on the same line, without getting in each other's way. Even the new high-speed trains that can log 120 miles an hour, or more.

Even these speeds can be handled easily by this computerized system—though the tracks have to do some pretty fast talking.

**The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT**





**Blue seas.  
Serenity.  
9 courts.  
Perfect climate.  
Hawaii.  
In two words,  
MAUNA  
KEA**

Mauna Kea. It sums up just about everything that makes tennis great—Rockresorts-style. Nine tennis courts now await you—seven in a new tennis park. And the beach, setting and cuisine are simply beyond compare...

Our Tennis Special gives you 5 days, 4 nights in a beach front room with lanai, breakfasts, dinners, court fees, tennis clinic and more, all for \$195 per person triple occupancy, \$225 per person double. Family Plan, Golfer's and Scuba Specials also available. All plans March 31 to Dec. 20, 1975. Honeymoon Plan year-round.

See your travel agent or call any Loews Reservations office. In Los Angeles 213-657-2667; San Francisco 415-392-4474.

Mauna Kea Beach Hotel on the Big Island of Hawaii.

Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.



**10TH HOLE** continued

reveling his so-called "secrets" for beating Connors, I will gladly join the Connors fan club. Ashe uses his Wimbledon victory as an opportunity to chop up Connors. He writes that Connors has "traded his soul," but one thing Connors has is guts. At Wimbledon Connors reportedly played through most of his matches with a painful injury, which required more guts than Ashe needed to write the article. Connors wouldn't take cheap shots at anyone in a magazine, he lets his tennis speak for him. This reader believes Ashe will someday choke on his words, courtesy of Jimmy Connors.

PETER SEIBENLUS

San Mateo, Calif.

Sir:

Ashe's comments detract from his victory and indicate why Connors feels and acts the way he does toward a part of the tennis world. First, Ashe cannot even correctly remember his past matches with Connors. He did not lose in five sets on grass; he lost in five sets on the artificial surface at Longwood in 1973. Secondly, while Ashe is entitled to his opinion, how dare he say that Connors choked? I am sure statistics will show that Ashe is one of the biggest chokers of all time. In my opinion Connors lost because he had a bad day and made more errors than usual. (He may also have had a leg injury.) Ashe seems to indicate that he is trying to drum up interest in a Connors-Ashe challenge match. My suggestion to him is that he employ a new tactic in preparation for any future match with Connors—keep his mouth closed.

STEPHEN M. BESSEMER

Braintree, Mass.

**SOCCER PITCH**

Sir:

I resent the inference that it was only because of Pele that Seattle drew more than 17,000 at the Sounders vs. Cosmos game (Yes, It'll Play in Peoria, July 21). The Sounders have been averaging well over 16,000 fans, and we would have been there Pele or no Pele. The opening welcome given Pele was exceeded only by the welcome given the Sounders, which is just as enthusiastic at every game.

STEVE COLVIN

Edmonds, Wash.

Sir:

Tex Maule says that the Los Angeles Aztecs play on a variation of AstroTurf. As all 12,176 at our game with New York can testify, El Camino Stadium requires the excellent care of a ground crew, frequent watering and occasional mowing. Our players share Pele's problems on artificial surfaces—but never at home.

JOHN CHAFFETZ

Redondo Beach, Calif.

**GENERAL HAYTHEM**

Sir:

Keep it going, General, we approve 100%, but it's not really a new game (*New Army Game*, July 21). Anyone who was with the old Army Air Corps at 1943, and was sent to the noncommissioned officers' physical training instructors' school (NC OPTIS) at Miami Beach, can well remember that era's version. It was called "Miami Murder" and had only one rule: "You cannot write home to mother for help."

ROBERT A. BERNELL  
USAF (Ret.)

Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

If General Brooks wants to pay the hospital bill, that's fine. Until then, conventional football is fine.

KENNETH R. CLARSEN

Saugus, Calif.

**LOSERSVILLE**

Sir:

Re "Tale of Two Cities" (SCORECARD, July 21), it is true that Braves attendance is down 35% over last year and the Falcons are record holders for no-shows, but do they deserve better? It is the teams, not the city, that are not major league. Give us a winner, like the Braves of '69 or the Hawks of old or even the 9-5 Falcons of 1973, and the faithful will return to the turnstiles.

RICK MORELY

Atlanta

Sir:

The Braves' management refuses to identify itself with Atlanta, the city it milks, except by the script letter "A" on the garish uniform cap. Other teams sport their cities' names, at least on road uniforms. The Hawks, at last, are going to rectify this omission. Next season they will wear new ATLANTA-embazoned uniforms, even if Marvin Webster and David Thompson will be wearing Denver's.

W. E. JESSUP

Athens, Ga.

**HANE GAME**

Sir:

Please, do you have to refer to female athletes by their last names? This sends me clear up a wall, because male athletes are referred to in this manner and because female athletes, who are not often featured in national publications, deserve the recognition of being female.

MRS. BETTY GUILD

Browns Valley, Calif.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

# TR7: THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



The spear-head, the arrow, the rocket.

From ancient instinct to computer design, the shape that deaves the air is the wedge.

Now Triumph brings the wedge down to earth in TR7—a fantastic new sports car to steal the American road.

Proven on the Grand Prix race tracks of the world, the edge of the wedge knifes through the air, forcing the front wheels down. Handling is solid and uncannily

precise. The air flows over the slippery shape. Drag is minimal. Power enhanced. Miles per gallon increased.

Under its skin, TR7 is a triumph of simplicity. It is utterly dependable, sturdy and sinuous on cantankerous roads and cork-screw curves. It means endless pleasure at moderate price and less maintenance; welcome news today and something no rival sports car can say.

All in all a simply beautiful

and beautifully simple machine. Test-drive our words of any Triumph dealer.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc. Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



## TRIUMPH

\$13,900.00 Manufacturer's suggested retail price (MSRP). Does not include title and transportation tax, license, preparation charges.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME  
**TR7**

A man with a mustache, wearing a cowboy hat and a plaid shirt, is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with other people. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are visible: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro' and a white pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

**Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine  
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 2001